PURE GOLD

J. G. BOW

To
Ellis Ehresman

From
Aunt Elsie
1938.

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THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

By J. G. BOW, D. D.

Author of

Jessie Allen, Ella Rives,
etc.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
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CHAPTER ONE

"I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling,
'Take thy cross and follow, follow me.'

"Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way."

The music came floating out from one of the small houses in the great mining camp. The singer was little Margie, the only child of a poor widow living near the great mine in the coal region of Kentucky.

More than two years prior to this Margie's father had been killed in one of the frequent accidents occurring in the mine. The company had been exceedingly kind to the widow, allowing her to occupy, free of rent, the house where they had lived and where Margie was born, and also furnishing her coal from the mine.

The families about her gave her washing and ironing to do, and by her industry and

frugality, she had managed to feed and clothe herself and child.

Mrs. Freeman had seen better days. She had been reared by pious parents, and had enjoyed the advantages of the public schools in the country, in the days of her girlhood. Since her husband's death she had lived for her only child, trying to rear and train her for usefulness in this life and eternal happiness in the life to come. She sought not only to give her every possible advantage to be derived from the public school, and all that her own limited education could contribute, but, above all, to teach her the way of life through faith in Christ Jesus. She early impressed upon her the great truths of religion, the natural sinfulness and evil tendency of the depraved human heart, the necessity of repentance and faith, and the joy of obedience to all of God's requirements.

At the age of nine years Margie gave evidence of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and wanted to make a public profession of her faith and become an open follower of Jesus. After mature deliberation, and satis-

factory evidence of her conversion, the mother consulted the pastor of her church, and he joyfully recommended her to the fellowship of the church. For a year her sunny child life had been that of a happy Christian. Many were the predictions that she "would not hold out," and often the question had been asked, "Why does Margie always seem so cheerful, so happy?" She had none of this world's luxuries, and her mother never allowed her to attend the picture shows and places of worldly amusement, and schools of vice. She enjoyed the plays and romps with her schoolmates, but seemed to delight supremely in the society and love of her devoted mother. Some of the neighbors heard Margie's song, and one said, "She is a strange girl; I don't see how she sustains herself, and walks so circumspectly amid all her surroundings here. I predict it will not last. When she gets a little older, wants company, and mingles with the fast set in this community, she will soon be as worldly as any of our children." Then came floating on the air the sweet words, sung with such abiding faith:

"He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me, with me all the way."

It came like an answering rebuke to her would-be critics, and they immediately changed the subject of their conversation.

Margie was now eleven years of age, she read the Scriptures daily to her mother, and they talked over the wonders of redemption, the exceeding great and precious promises of God's Word, and the rich provisions of his grace, like most people would talk of a worldly inheritance or a prospective fortune. Her mother taught her not only about God and his Word, but taught her to work. She assisted her mother with the washing, ironing, cooking and housekeeping. Their mutual happiness was principally drawn each from the other.

Just at this time when the poor widow's home was the sunniest, brightest, happiest spot in all the community, one of the inexplicable providences of God overtook them. Mrs. Freeman was taken seriously ill. The company physician visited her repeatedly,

and then sadly announced that she had a malignant case of typhoid fever. The neighbors were afraid to visit her. The kind physician interceded with the company, and they agreed to furnish a trained nurse for the invalid. The nurse came and under her skillful nursing and the assiduous attention of the physician, they gladly hoped for the recovery of the patient. She lingered for weeks between life and death. The crisis came. The vigilant nurse and doctor waited almost constantly beside the woman, who was often unconscious, and who piteously called for Margie, and prayed for God's keeping of her precious child.

Death was the victor. Human skill could not baffle the fatal disease, and filial love could not hold the loving soul in the frail tenement of clay. In the last half-hour, the lucid interval graciously given her, she gave a mother's blessing to the orphaned child. As the feeble hand slipped from the head of the weeping child, her last words were, "Margie, live for Jesus, and meet me in heaven."

They tenderly laid the emaciated form by the side of her husband in the little cemetery in the churchyard, and carried the broken-hearted child to the home of the minister who prayed with her, and pointed her to Jesus and the consolation of the gospel.

CHAPTER TWO

When the minister's wife went to call Margie the next morning, she found she had risen, dressed herself, had made her bed, tidied the room, and was kneeling beside the bed with her face bathed in tears, praying to God. As she stepped quietly into the room she heard the child say, "O Jesus, why did you take my mother, all I had in this world, and leave me all alone?" The tear of sympathy rolled down the lady's cheek, as she quietly waited for the child to finish her prayer. She, too, lifted her heart in prayer to God for his keeping of the precious little one. As Margie arose from her knees she took her hand, and said, "Dear child, you are not alone; everybody in the mine loves you, and Jesus has promised never to leave you nor forsake you, and God will be a father to the fatherless. Just believe his Word and claim his promises, and all will be well."

The minister's wife with her houseful of children could not keep the motherless child, and so the women in the mines had a meeting to decide upon what course to pursue. No one was willing to assume the expense and responsibility of rearing the poor orphan. They unanimously decided the only thing to do was to send little Margie to the Children's Home. Accordingly a committee was appointed to gather a few clothes for her, and arrange to enter her into the Home provided for destitute children.

The minister made application, and after the usual legal forms had been complied with, she was sent in care of the railway conductor to the Home. Her very soul seemed numbed by the terrible bereavement that had come upon her, and she seemed perfectly passive, not to say listless, as to what was transpiring. In this state of mind she reached the Home and was tenderly received by the kind matron of the institution. She kindly cared for her in her own rooms, deferring the consignment to the department into which she was to be placed until she should become better accustomed to her sur-

roundings. The matron skilfully drew out the main points in her life history, perceived she was more than an ordinary child, and gave her the sympathy of her motherly heart.

A few days after her arrival she was placed in her proper grade in school, and the teacher and children sought to make things pleasant and homelike for her. The busy days passed without prolonged sadness, but the nights were spent with many tears and heartaches. It was then that the full realization of her loneliness, helplessness and dependence weighed upon her sore heart.

But God can heal the hurt of his people, and Margie's faith in God's wisdom and goodness led her to a realization of his fatherly care. She began to realize his goodness and mercy in providing her a home where she could have the privilege of study and improvement, where influences were such as to lead her in right paths, where the graces of Christianity would be nourished and developed. She believed if her mother could know her surroundings it would add to her happiness. She resolved that she would be

content with her environment and grateful for her opportunities; and while she wondered if her mother could know of her life and hopes and aspirations, this she could not tell, but she knew that Jesus did know, and she resolved to do nothing that she believed he would not approve. She was diligent in the preparation of all her studies in the day school, and was unsurpassed in her interest and study of the Sunday-school lessons. Often her teacher was surprised at the remarks and questions she brought out in class study, evincing not only unflagging interest in the Scriptures, but showing prayerful study and meditation of the great truths and doctrines of divine revelation.

Necessarily she soon became a favorite with all the officers, teachers and inmates of the Home. She was passionately fond of music. She sang at her work, sang at her play, sang alone, sang in company. She was one of the principal leaders in the Home choir, and often sang solos and sang in duets for the entertainment of visitors. Yet with it all she was unspoiled, modest and sweet, seeming never to think she was in any way

superior to her loved associates. It was to her an exquisite delight when the arrangement was made for her to take music lessons. She never had to be driven or scolded to induce her to practice her exercises. She was never cross or impatient when errors were pointed out and corrected, but with that ever ready "Thank you," with the sweetness of love and gratitude she gratefully sought to profit by the failures of the past. Often she was asked to sing in the Home church with some others, and occasionally was sent for to sing in the neighboring churches. When six years had past and she had completed the course in the Home school, an interesting event transpired at the Home. Some visitors were present at the Home, and the children were gathered in the chapel. They sang, and they recited, and furnished the visitors an elegant entertainment. Among the company was the president of one of the best colleges in the land. Margie attracted his attention and he proposed to take her to the college, and educate her, if some way could be provided for her clothing and board. The superintendent of the

Home, deeply interested in this splendid girl, said he would take the matter up, and thought he could find some one to clothe her, and some one to pay her board.

The proposition was made public, and an immediate response came at once from a well-to-do lady that she would assume the expense of her board and clothing.

They were all happy over the future prospects of our little heroine. She, without excitement or ostentation, was very happy and grateful for the prospect of gratifying the earnest desire of her heart, that she might prepare herself for usefulness in life.

CHAPTER THREE

The anniversary of the founding of the Home was punctiliously observed each year. The entire community was deeply interested in the work of the Home and all rejoiced in the success of the institution. With this anniversary they always combined the closing exercises of the school.

The good women in the neighborhood always provided a nice lunch and brought it to the Home and gave the children a grand picnic.

The children sang, recited and drilled, and gave a most enjoyable entertainment to the visitors.

Mrs. Rhodes, the lady who had agreed to aid Margie in her school life, came a long distance, and sat quietly in the audience, a stranger to all, and not knowing any of the children. She watched and listened with intense interest to all the exercises as they proceeded, wondering which should be her ward. Among the larger girls on the plat-

form, she selected three, each one bearing some special charm in person, face, expression or movement, and decided that she would be satisfied and delighted if either one proved to be her protege. One of the trio, the tallest, the most graceful, with dark hair and brown eyes, a handsome brunette, with a vivacious manner, she secretly hoped might be Margie. As the exercises proceeded, she discovered in this handsome girl a vein of vanity that militated seriously against her, and she was rather glad when the superintendent called "Mabel Poynter," and the handsome brunette stepped to the front. That at least eliminated her from the contest going on in Mrs. Rhodes' mind. Of the remaining two, one was a perfect blonde, with a sunny face, dimple cheeks and laughing eyes. Mrs. Rhodes decided that she preferred her as her adopted ward. The leader called, "Grace Eden." Mrs. Rhodes said mentally, "What a lovely name." She attempted to recite, forgot some parts and showed a very ugly temper, though no one was to blame but herself. The last of the trio stepped to

the front, and the superintendent announced an original essay by Margie Freeman. Her manner was elegant, the matter simple but chaste, her voice clear and sweet. There was no attempt at display, and yet there was no cramped action nor needless embarrassment. The closing number was a solo by Margie. The song was that sweet, trusting hymn with the chorus: "My Jesus Knows." She decided that Margie after all was the choicest one of all the girls.

During the intermission she asked for an introduction to Margie. She told her she was the woman who had agreed to pay her way at school, and added, "I hope we will love each other and that we shall find great pleasure and real love in our relations each to the other."

Margie looked with a face beaming with confident joy at the motherly-looking lady, and after a moment's silence, she said with the simplicity and frankness of a little child, "I love you. May I call you mother?" Mrs. Rhodes frankly and gladly accepted the proposed relation. She felt a happiness in the undertaking that no miser ever could know

in selfishly hoarding his riches. During the afternoon she sought an interview with the matron, and arranged for the needed outfit for her charge. She said: "Now, I must not spoil her. I do not want to foster pride, nor lead her to think she is better than other girls. I want her to believe that her good fortune is all of God's infinite mercy to her."

The matron spoke in the highest terms of the rare qualities of this sweet girl, and added: "She is one of the truest, sweetest Christians I have ever met. She talks and prays, sings and acts like one who has a personal acquaintance with Jesus."

Before her departure she told Margie that she had arranged with the matron to provide whatever was necessary to meet her present needs, and prepare her to enter college in the coming fall session.

She gave the girl her address, and said: "Now keep me posted about everything. If you really need anything, let me know and I will see about furnishing it. Whatever you do, read your Bible, pray much, trust in God, and I hope you will grow up to be a useful, honored Christian woman." Both

Margie and Mother Rhodes were more than delighted each with the other. They parted with joyous feelings, each thanking God for the providences that had brought about the relations they now sustained to each other.

After the close of the school, Margie began to realize the sadness of breaking up her relations to the Home. She loved and appreciated the kind matron and superintendent. She loved all the inmates. As she thought of the possibilities of never meeting again with these loved friends she could not refrain from weeping. Especially was she interested in Mabel and Grace, the two girls of her own age and class. She had often prayed for them, but had never had the courage to talk to them directly about their salvation. Now the opportunities would soon be gone, and she must try to win them for Jesus before they were separated. Accordingly she set this as the one thing she must do during her vacation. She studied and planned and thought and prayed, seeking the best way of approach to the hearts of these loved comrades. For days she spent much of her time in secret prayer for her-

self and for them. She earnestly prayed that God would teach her and prepare her to teach them, that he would give her these precious souls as trophies for her Master.

One evening after tea they walked out arm in arm, Margie between Mabel and Grace, to one of the many lawn swings on the campus. After they were seated, Margie said, "Girls, we are soon to be separated. Mabel goes out to study in the Infirmary to be a trained nurse. Grace, through the kindness of her uncle, is to attend the Normal School to fit her to be a teacher, and I go to college. Now, girls, I want you both to give your hearts, your love and your lives to Jesus. Neither of you can be properly qualified for the position you seek in life without the religion of the blessed Master." They were deeply moved by this earnest appeal from one whom they loved and respected. They recognized this "one thing needful" was the great distinguishing characteristic between themselves and Margie. Day by day they read, they walked, they talked and prayed together, and soon they were rejoicing together in one common hope

of eternal life. They sat together again in the swing in the twilight, and their voices mingled together in the plaintive music of Margie's favorite song, "I can hear my Saviour calling, Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."

CHAPTER FOUR

Vacation ended, Mabel, Grace and Margie left the Home, which had been to them a sweet refuge, a safe nest sheltered from the world, its allurements and temptations. They took their ways out into the world, each alone and among strangers. Mabel with her brilliant mind, sobered by her sweet trust in Jesus, and intense love for souls, entered upon the training for her responsible duties as a nurse. The superintendent and all the management of the Infirmary were delighted with the studious disposition, and sensible activities of the new pupil. Her success was assured. Grace goes to the Normal, seeking to prepare herself for the arduous but useful task of teaching. She meets with many unexpected trials and sore temptations among the ambitious young people in the school,the majority of whom are only seeking preparation sufficient to make teaching a stepping-stone to something preferable to the daily monotonous grind of the

schoolroom. Many a quiet cry she had alone in night's somber shades, as she contrasted her present condition with the quiet and loving tenderness of the Children's Home. Margie found friends and critics among the college students. Some were kind and considerate, others were haughty and insolent. Many were proud and overbearing, but her true worth shone out in her patience and gentleness, her forbearance and independence. None stood higher in the estimation of her teachers. Her deportment was perfect, her attendance prompt, her habits studious and her manners gentle and ladylike in all things. Soon many of the haughty, proud girls in school were glad to secure her aid in the more difficult studies, finding it easier to use the knowledge which Margie had secured by her diligent study, than to dig it out by earnest application. Margie was always happy to be a helper in any way to her fellow students, and soon they all learned to respect her for her real worth and her unimpeachable character.

Strange as it may seem, a radical change took place in Margie's life. As she was first

in all her classes, and was popular with all the teachers and officers of the college, a spirit of jealousy manifested itself among her associates. They determined to humiliate her, and began to plan ways to mortify her. Some of them, learning something of her history, by searching and prying, discovered that she was being educated by a lady of means, and that she was an orhpan from the Children's Home, and her parents had been poor and obscure, were looking and longing for an opportunity to publicly mortify her. The occasion presented itself in the classroom. All the other members of the class had utterly failed on an example in algebra. The professor called Margie to the board to solve and explain the example to the class. This she did without any feeling of superiority, or show of ostentation.

As the class was dismissed, several girls in concert hissed, "Miss Charity is a fine mathematician." Then followed various interrogatories: "Did Professor show you beforehand how to solve that problem?" "What made Professor so sure that you

could solve it?" "When is the Professor going to appoint you his assistant in mathematics?" Then one waggish girl called out "Professor Charity, Assistant Professor in Mathematics." Thus she was dubbed "Professor Charity."

Margie's mortification was inexpressible. She had loved all her associates, was always happy when she could do them a kindness, show them a favor or aid them in their studies. The following night she slept but little, but wept much. She sought her only sure refuge in time of need. She prayed for grace and strength, and for the Saviour's presence in this hour of unexpected trouble. She remembered that Jesus said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." At first she was tempted to shun the society of her fellow students, to decline to aid any one in trouble about her studies, to have just as little as possible to do with any of her classmates. She at once recognized that was not according to the example of Christ, and asked forgiveness for the thought, and resolved

to watch and seek every opportunity to be helpful to all, to pay no attention to their jibes and jeers, and without ostentation to seek daily to exhibit the spirit of Jesus, and when reviled to revile not again. She made no effort to conceal the fact that she was enjoying her educational advantages through the kind beneficence of another.

Mrs. Rhodes was delighted with the reports of the progress, conduct and spirit of her ward. She was thankful to God that dear little Margie had crossed her pathway and was filling a void in her loving motherly heart, thankful that she had means to aid one so worthy, and that God had led her to undertake this delightful work of educating one of his children for service in his Kingdom. She resolved to visit her for a few days, cheer her with her love and a few simple presents, and see what she could do for her without spoiling her. Accordingly she went, unannounced to the college, saw the President of the college, and asked that Margie have the privilege of visiting with her for the evening at the hotel. This of course was readily granted. She ascertained

her needs and told Margie she would supply them the next day. She called a cab and took Margie to the "Girls' Dormitory" with the understanding that Margie should take dinner with her at the hotel the following evening.

Margie felt that with such a loving, motherly benefactor as Mother Rhodes, she need not bother about the sneers of her fellow students, and she was inexpressibly happy in the good fortune God had brought her.

Mrs. Rhodes made the simple purchases for Margie, paid her month's board, arranged for Margie to visit her when vacation came, and bade her good-bye, giving her a mother's blessing.

CHAPTER FIVE

The President of the college was truly delighted with Mrs. Rhodes, and commended her for the good work she was doing in helping Margie to an education. He told her that Margie was equal to any student in the college, a perfect jewel with far more than ordinary ability, and had a well-trained mind, and she added to all this the one thing needful of close and unflagging application.

He was thinking what an opportunity men and women, whom God had blessed with riches, had, to invest their money in bright boys and girls, who could take their places in this busy world, and make it better, and who would become efficient workers in the Kingdom of God, multiplying these investments until the time of final reckoning. In this mood he took up the morning paper, about a week after Mrs. Rhodes' visit, and was shocked to read the following paragraph:

"A sudden death. Mrs. Cornelia Rhodes of Meadowville was found dead, sitting in her chair, yesterday evening. So far as known she was in usual health. Early in the afternoon she had called on two of her neighbors, and seemed to be in good spirits. Her lady companion, who shared the home with her, was greatly shocked when she discovered her."

He earnestly hoped she had provided for Margie's continuance at school, and the completion of her education, but like a majority of mortals she was calculating on a long life, and hence could superintend the matter to the end.

Investigation revealed the fact that she had paid her board only until the end of the month, and there only remained a few more days until the month was out. He hoped Mrs. Rhodes had made provision in her will for Margie's education. She had not. He busied his brain and made earnest efforts to secure for her a patron who would take up the work so well begun. He signally failed to find any one with means whom he could interest in this promising investment. Thou-

sands of them would spend their money for automobiles, for pleasure trips, for jewelry, for elegant furniture to decorate their palatial homes, but they had no money to invest in the orphan child, even though she was exceedingly promising both as to mental and spiritual endowment.

How hard it is for us to accept the constantly demonstrated truth that God is wiser than we are, his plans and purposes are infinitely superior to ours. How truly he says, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." So he saw only the disaster, the disappointment. How prone we are to forget the truth couched in that beautiful hymn of Cowper:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

True, the prospects looked very gloomy for our little heroine. She had no money, no friends, and soon the time would be up for which her board was paid. "What shall I do?" was the constant question in her mind. As she thought of giving up her studies, and being deprived of an education it seemed more than she could bear.

She got hold of the weekly paper published in the town, and saw there an advertisement for a house girl. She immediately

wrote asking for the position. The lady demanded reference. She went to the Home in person, bearing with her a recommendation from the president of the college as to her character, honesty, good behavior and studiousness and perfect conduct in school. The lady said, "I am not looking for a school girl. I want a servant, a girl to clean house, wash dishes, sweep, dust and help care for the children."

Margie said, "Madam, it is true I have been in school for the past five months; the lady who so kindly and generously paid my way died suddenly a short time ago. I have now no way to meet my expenses and must do something to support myself. Before my mother died I assisted her with the cooking, housework, washing and ironing. In the Children's Home where I spent six years I did all these things. I think I can do the work you want done, and I promise to do my best to please you, if you will only give me a chance and try me. However, I was hoping that I might be able out of school hours to do work enough to pay my board and yet be permitted to at-

tend college. I wish very much I could make that kind of an arrangement."

"That," replied the lady, whose name was Price, "would not suit me at all. I advertised for a servant, and I am sure your work would be of little worth if you should attempt to keep up your college studies and be a servant at the same time. I have two daughters in college and they have not time to make their own beds, let alone do house work. They are bright and industrious and yet it requires all their time for study. They can scarcely spare the time to go to the picture shows, and the public lectures at the college, and the baseball and football contests."

CHAPTER SIX

Margie returned to her room discouraged, disheartened from the failure in this her first effort. Not knowing what to do she knelt in her room and poured out her soul in prayer to him who said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." She felt better and after finishing her studies for the night, retired, trusting God for his guidance and help. She awoke next morning with all the uncertainties of her future unsolved. She never knew how she got through the day's recitations and duties. Returning to her room late in the afternoon, they told her a lady awaited her in the parlor, desiring to speak with her. The lady introduced herself as Mrs. Moore. She said, "I am the mother of Lillian and Allie Moore, whom you know in school. To-day I called to see Mrs. Price on some business, and she told me of your proposition to her. Now I need help. I need a girl very much, and I am willing to

try you for a while, and if you can do the work and give satisfaction we may make the arrangement permanent."

Margie accepted the position, yet she remembered rather unpleasantly some of the selfish tricks and haughtiness of Miss Lillian, who, truth to tell, was not very popular with the school girls, yet she believed it was an answer to her prayer, and would afford her an opportunity of attending the school, at least the remainder of the session.

Accordingly she reported that evening ready for business. She took hold of the work with an ease and readiness that bespoke her determination to succeed and her common sense in common affairs. She waited on the family during the evening meal, manifesting her efficient training in the Children's Home. She ate alone after the rest had retired from the dining room. It looked rather humiliating, but she resolved to make the best of her surroundings, and be thankful for her opportunities. She washed and dried the dishes, swept and tidied up the dining room, and then asked Mrs. Moore if there was anything else for

her to do for the evening. "Yes," Mrs. Moore, replied, "come with me and I will show you." She took her to the bedrooms and said, "Now, Margie, every night I want you to see that there are clean towels in each room, and then be sure there is plenty of water in the pitchers and all the slops, if any have been made during the day, are removed. Now that is all for the present." She deftly attended to these matters and then hastened to the little hall room where her trunk had been carried, the servant's room at the rear of the hall on the second floor, and arranged to begin her studies for the following day. She retired late, feeling happy over the thought that she would make creditable recitations next day. She awoke early and was ready for business before Mrs. Moore came into the kitchen. She surprised Mrs. Moore by her knowledge of cooking and greatly pleased her with her readiness and skill in assisting her in preparing the breakfast. Lillian came to the breakfast table with disheveled hair and a dowdy appearance after being repeatedly called by her mother.

The morning meal concluded, Margie hastily ate her breakfast and set about clearing the table. She soon had everything in place, and the dining room looking tidy and nice. All the while she had been singing in a low, sweet voice:

"All the way my Savior leads me,
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell,
For I know whate'er befall me
Jesus doeth all things well."

She then went into the family room, and asked Mrs. Moore what else she must do before school. Mrs. Moore said, "Child, sing for me that song I heard you singing while you cleared up the breakfast dishes." It was no sort of embarrassment for Margie to sing. She thought it rather a strange time, and under unusual circumstances to be called on to sing. With a questioning look she placed a hand on the back of a chair, and sang in a natural feeling voice, the three stanzas, closing with:

"All the way my Savior leads me;
Oh, the fulness of his love.
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above,
When my spirit clothed immortal
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way."

Mrs. Moore, who was a worldly, irreligious woman, was deeply impressed with the sentiment and rendering of the sweet hymn. Forgetful of her dignity, and the supposed inferiority of her servant, she said unthoughtedly, "Thank you," and then quickly added, "Now, be quick, the beds are all to make, the carpets to be swept, the furniture dusted." This done, Margie again stood before her. She said, "Now you can go, but what about your studies?" Margie smiled and said, "I learned all my lessons last night." Mrs. Moore said, "This is too good to last." Soon our little heroine had laid aside her "maid's toggery," had donned her school dress and was trudging toward the college, with an air of independence, a face radiant with smiles, thanking God for her good fortune.

Her recitations for the day were equal to the best, and her cheerful disposition radiated sunshine in every one of her class rooms.

The president of the college asked to speak with her after school hours. Deeply interested in her welfare, he enquired after her arrangements. She frankly told him all. He expressed a serious fear that she would break down her health, or else fail in her college course. He asked for the details of her duties in the Moore home. She told him she cleared the dining room, night and morning, washing and drying the dishes, aided in cooking supper and breakfast, made the beds, swept and dusted and straightened up the house. He enquired if the young ladies, the Misses Moore, did not aid her. She smilingly replied, "No, I am the servant, the maid-of-all-work. And now, Doctor, will you excuse me? I fear I may lose my valuable position if I am later arriving at home than the other girls. Besides, they are planning to go to the movies to-night, and will want early supper, that they may have

ample time to dress." Thanking the Doctor for his interest and sympathy, she hastened away.

CHAPTER SEVEN

When the Misses Moore arrived home Margie had changed her school dress, was clad in her working garb and was busy about supper.

Mrs. Moore sat in her easy chair superintending and directing the preparation for the evening meal. She congratulated herself that in a few days she could turn over the whole business to her efficient servant and indulge her gadding propensities to the full delight of her selfish soul.

After the family, which by the way consisted of the father, mother and two daughters, had eaten, Mrs. Moore said: "You did not know our house-girl was a veritable Jenny Lind. Margie, I want you to sing for the family that song you sang for me this morning."

Margie hesitated, was really embarrassed, scarcely knowing what to think of the compliment, and heartily wishing she had not been called upon under such circumstances.

To add to her embarrassment, she saw the elevated brow and surprised expression and sinister smile of the elder of the young ladies, Miss Allie Moore.

She, however, composed herself and sang with deep pathos, the beautiful hymn. The family retired and left everything to our efficient little housemaid.

The young ladies delivered a caustic lecture to the mother, about putting her servant forward. "She will soon think she is as good as any of us, and there will be no living in the house with her. Next thing you will invite her into the parlor to aid us in entertaining our company. She will expect us to introduce her to every one that comes, and perchance will expect to sit with the family at the table while we wait upon her and the rest of the family."

To the surprise of the whole family, Mrs. Moore did not quail before the unfilial attack of her supercilious daughters, but to their utter astonishment said, "I think she would be perfectly at home entertaining the most elegant company you ever have, but I have no fears of spoiling her. Any girl with her

modesty, good sense and efficiency, that can do the work in this family, and then do her full share of college work, and do the former that she may do the latter, will not be spoiled by a little attention."

Margie, wholly ignorant of the defense she was receiving and which she richly deserved, ate her supper with a thankful heart, cleared off the table, washed and put away the dishes, tidied the room, swept the floor, and by the time the family was ready for the show, she was in her little hall-room preparing her lessons for the following day. While she was in the dining room at her work, she, as was her custom, was singing one of her favorite songs:

"Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night
Rolls a melody sweeter than Psalm.
In celestial-like strains it unceasingly falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.
Peace, peace, wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above,
Sweep over my spirit forever I pray
In fathomless billows of love."

As she settled down in her room to study, she overheard Miss Allie say: "Mother, I heard our maid practicing another piece

while doing the dining room work, to be ready for another exhibition of her musical skill when you desire to have it for evening desert."

The unkind remark hurt Margie very much, and rendered her incapable of prosecuting her lessons for a time. She pondered over the matter, hoping Mrs. Moore would never call on her to sing for the family again. But after all, there was an offset to the humiliation. Mrs. Moore said, "I would be proud of you, if you could do as well."

Margie had her lessons and was in bed when the family returned from the show. She heard Lillian say, "I would hate to be in Margie's place, never having any time to go anywhere, nothing but work and study." "Work and study," Margie repeated mentally. Then she said, "Thank God, I am willing to work to have the opportunity to study."

The following morning she prepared the breakfast entirely alone, had it on time, called Mrs. Moore, who inspected and approved it, ordered it placed on the table while she aroused the sleeping family. No one

seemed happier, and surely no one was as cheerful and bright as the serving maid. They had been out dissipating, were excited over the tragic scenes in the play, had not slept soundly and awoke unrefreshed.

Lillian complained of a headache and asked her parents to excuse her from attending school for the day, really because she did not know her lessons. As the others were starting to school, Allie called Margie to wait for her. Not that she coveted being seen with their servant girl, but because she wanted to ask her about her Latin. She said: "Margie, I have not studied it one bit, and I am so afraid that the Professor will call upon me to recite and I shall utterly fail. As we walk slowly, please read it to me and perhaps I can remember enough of it to recite if I am called upon." Margie complied cheerfully, calling the text of the Latin, and giving the translation in plain English, reading slowly and carefully that Miss Allie might comprehend it. She read the entire lesson, and then Allie said, hurriedly, "Thank you," and then turning in at a gate, said, "I promised to call for Rose this morn-

ing." This was only a pretense, that she might not be seen walking with the servant girl. Margie understood it all, for Rose was already standing with a group of girls on the campus when Margie approached. One of the group said, "Miss Charity has been promoted, she is now the head chef at the Moore mansion." Margie bowed with a smile, and said kindly, "Good morning," and passed on into the chapel. The girl who attempted to taunt her, said, "I give it up; she heard what I said, and yet she spoke as politely and unruffled as if I had paid her a handsome compliment. I shall apologize to her, and here and now promise you that in the future she shall have my respect and friendship."

Sarah Graham was as good as her word. At noon in the presence of the pupils she went and said: "Margie, I am ashamed of my rude conduct toward you this morning. I here publicly ask your forgiveness, with the solemn promise it shall never occur again. I believe you to be a perfect lady, entitled to the respect of all, and you shall be so regarded and so recognized by me."

Some one remarked, "Sarah is rubbing it in pretty thickly." She answered, "Girls, I mean every word of it, and I do not believe among us all is there another one as deserving as Margie Freeman. *Margie is pure gold.*" Margie, who could face the undeserved taunt of her schoolmates with a smile, was now in great confusion under the unexpected turn that affairs had taken. As the chapel bell rang and Sarah slipped her arm through Margie's, the latter meekly whispered, "Thank you, Sarah."

CHAPTER EIGHT

The day passed, and many others like it, and Margie, as true as steel, never faltered, never shirked a duty in school, never made complaint that she did not have an equal chance because she had so many other duties and responsibilities added to her school work.

She did practically all the housework for the Moore family, except the noon luncheon, which was prepared each day by Mrs. Moore, largely from the "left overs" from Margie's morning cooking. But as she did not do all the work, and had the privilege of attending school, this was regarded as a sufficient excuse for not paying her any wages, assuming that her board was ample remuneration for her services.

Because of her efficiency and fidelity, her neatness, promptness and cheerfulness, she was worth far more than any servant Mrs. Moore had ever employed in her house. But it is custom and human nature to get all you

can for as little as possible, so the good lady of the house congratulated herself on her good fortune, but never dreamed of offering any wages, or even a gift.

Margie was greatly troubled about one thing. The first term of her school course was nearing the close, she knew she must procure books for the next term, and she did not know how it could be done, for she did not have a dollar in the world. She thought of trying to borrow from Mrs. Moore enough money to secure her books for the term, and pay her when school was out by extra work. This seemed to be the only feasible plan she could think of. She dreaded the ordeal, fearing Mrs. Moore would put it on the score of begging. She postponed the evil day, dreading it more than all her daily drudgery or mental labor.

A few days prior to her last examination the President called her into his room, and asked about the books necessary for her studies the coming term. She told him frankly, but cheerfully, that she had no money and did not know how or where the books were to be procured. She told him

she thought perhaps she could borrow the money from Mrs. Moore, and repay her when school closed, by extra work, when she would have all her time out of school. He told her he might be able to arrange it for her, not to borrow any money until she heard from him. She wondered what he meant, but trusted him with the whole affair. Two days later he called her into his office and handed her a package, telling her it contained all the books for the coming term. They were second-hand books, but were sound and would answer every purpose. He had procured them from students who had finished their studies in them, at a nominal cost.

Margie was again happy and hopeful. She had sufficient clothing to last her through the year. She did her own washing and ironing on Saturdays. She now had books, the college had arranged to give her tuition; now, if she could please Mrs. Moore and earn her board, she felt sure of the present session at least. With elastic step, and a cheerful heart, she hummed softly as she went from school:

"In some way or other, the Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet in his *own* way,
The Lord will provide."

There were many little trials and crosses in the school and home life of our little serving maid. She was always in the lead in her classes in spite of her daily duties as house girl, cook and waiting maid. How she accomplished it was a marvel to her associates and especially to her admiring teachers. She became accustomed to the silly taunts and studied neglect of many of her fellow students. Many of them disdained to associate with her, as it was fully known that she was cooking and working to pay her board, and all in order to have the privilege of attending school.

Sarah Graham, who had been fully convinced of the superior talents and disposition of Margie Freeman, became her champion. When others would slight or slander Margie, Sarah, one of the wealthiest and brightest of all the pupils, would be at special pains to take notice, cheer and comfort her.

On one of these occasions, when Margie had surpassed all her classmates in the solution of a problem in algebra, over which all of them had stumbled and failed, Lillian Moore said, in an undertone, designed to be heard only by a few of her ilk: "I believe Margie has a key to the book. I mean to search her trunk and see. She does all our work and I do not believe she is so much smarter than all of us that she can do that and then surpass us all in her studies. I know she studies nights and mornings, often when I am asleep, at least lying in bed, or at the movies. She must have a 'key'."

Sarah said promptly, to be heard by all the group: "Yes, Margie has a 'key' that unlocks many problems. In fact she has two keys, which any girl in this school should be proud to possess. These keys are talent and application." Then she said: "Girls, I am tired of this everlasting nagging at Margie. She is as good as any of us, far better than I am, and better than some of you. She is so sweet and good that she allows us to impose upon her and misrepresent her. We all know there is not a

brighter girl in the college, none more accommodating, and none so patient and deserving. I warn you right now that every time you strike Margie Freeman, you also hit Sarah Graham. I know she is amply able to take care of herself, but her submissive spirit and noncombative disposition encourage some of you, who are far less worthy than she, to impose upon her good nature. Henceforth be it understood that I, Sarah Graham, shall resent any insolence offered to her just as quickly, and justly, and strenuously as if offered to myself."

Sarah put her arm through Margie's and started across the campus toward the street. A number of the members of the group left standing near the college steps indulged in such remarks as: "Well, did you ever!" "Margie is fortunate to have such a champion." "Sarah will do just as she says." "The idea of obliterating all distinctions between servants and ladies." "What are we coming to anyway?"

These remarks were not heard by the two young ladies walking toward the gate leading to the street. Margie pressed Sarah's arm,

and said sweetly: "Thank you, Sarah; I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness, but please don't get the ill will of the girls, and don't get yourself into trouble on my account. Really, I don't care very much. As long as my conscience is clear and I know I am right, they can't hurt me very much; besides, all the teachers in college are my friends, and treat me with the same respect and kindness they extend to any of the girls, so what the girls do does not annoy me very much." "Never mind, Margie, I'm not at all afraid of their ill will; besides, things are going to be different now. I am going to let them know that Margie Freeman is my chum, and my friend, and they will not snub you often either. As to their neglect, we don't care for that. They can be as indifferent as they like, but they shall not be insulting."

Sarah determined to give Margie her special attention, and do whatever was in her power to make things agreeable for the best girl in college.

Sarah Graham espoused the cause of our heroine in reality. She sang her praises at

home and defended her against all opposition in school. At the dinner hour at home, she said, "*Margie Freeman is pure gold.* She is among the very best in every class, notwithstanding all the hindrances she has in her work. She is as steady and methodical as a clock; the sweetest-spirited girl in college. She deserves to succeed, is bound to succeed."

"And pray, who is this modern paragon," said her brother John, "whose praises you are continually singing? Do you mean Mrs. Moore's servant girl?" "Yes, siree," replied Sarah, "I mean Mrs. Moore's servant girl. She has not a superior in the school. I mean every word of it, and in every sense of the word. She has few equals, and no superiors in native ability; in trained intellect, in studious application, in mental acumen and unexceptional manners, sensible modesty, sweetness of disposition, bighearted sympathy and true, practical Christianity she is beyond compare."

"That will do," said John in mock gravity. "I will at once proceed to call on this

modern Cinderella, form her acquaintance, and seek to become her devoted attendant."

"I am sure," replied Sarah, "you could not do better, and you are very liable to do worse, but I fear your suit would be in vain. She is far superior to Miss Lillian with whom you seem to be so infatuated, and who seeks continually not only to look down upon Margie, but to get others also to slight and insult her, because Margie has to work."

There was much less friction in Margie's school life, because Sarah, with her dauntless spirit and social prestige, had openly and avowedly become her friend and constant associate, because she had publicly identified her interest and honor with that of Margie.

The days sped by and rapidly grew into weeks and months. Springtime had come, the pupils were talking commencement. The girls in groups were discussing wardrobes and millinery, essays and dialogues. The boys were gathering night after night to rehearse speeches. and all were drilling and dreading the coming examinations.

When commencement should come,—the gala day of all the college days, the goal for which the boys and girls were striving,—the boys could dress as they chose, but the girls must all be dressed in white. Sarah Graham thought of all this; she knew Margie had no white dress, and had no money to purchase one. She accordingly planned a surprise and treat for this noble girl.

She went to the Moore home on Saturday, knowing that Allie and Lillian would be absent. She greeted Mrs. Moore cordially and asked for Margie. Mrs. Moore told her the girls were down street watching the parade and would not be home until dinner time. "Margie," she said, "is busy, washing out some things for the young ladies, while her dinner is cooking, and I hardly think she can spare the time to entertain company." "Then," said Sarah, "I'll entertain her," and made her way to the wash room.

Margie was just wringing out the last pieces of the wash, and told Sarah she would be through in just a few minutes. They repaired to the kitchen. Margie proceeded to

make some changes in her dress after coming from the wash room, prior to superintending the dinner she had been watching while doing other work. On a chair hung a plain belt which Sarah took and after removing her own clasped it around her waist, "Why, Margie, your belt is exactly the size of mine, but I believe I am a little taller than you are, stand up here and let me see." She stood Margie up by the door facing, then she took her place. There was a slight difference of about one-half inch, Sarah being the taller. Sarah then said, "We could almost pass for twins so far as size is concerned. What number is your shoe?" "Number four, I think," said Margie.

This was the information Sarah was seeking, so with her mother's consent (that indulgent, fond mother who rarely ever denied her only daughter any request) she ordered a white dress for Margie, a duplicate of her own, a beautiful white belt, a hat and a pair of number four shoes. She knew Margie did not expect the privilege of marching or sitting with the white-robed throng on commencement day. She kept her secret until

Monday night preceding the commencement day, Thursday, and then she went by the Moore home in the automobile, pretendedly to show her new dress and hat to the girls. She exhibited the entire outfit. She called Margie also to inspect it. A little later when Margie had retired to her kitchen work, she gathered her bundles, passed through the kitchen, as she was now accustomed to do, and left it all in Margie's hands, saying, "Here, Margie, this is yours." She ran and climbed into the automobile, and was gone before Margie recovered from her surprise sufficiently to take in the situation and thank her for her gift and generous love.

After Sarah was gone Allie said: "Weren't Sarah's things beautiful? I doubt if there will be another girl at the commencement dressed as handsomely as Sarah. Did you notice that exquisite lace, and all the trimming and insertion? It was simply exquisite. But then her parents are able to furnish her nice things. Sarah has fine taste and always buys the best."

"There is one thing," said Lillian, "of which I am so proud, so gratified, and that

is our kitchen maid will not be in the march nor on the rostrum with us that day. One time she will not outshine her betters. I suppose she will not go; I am sure I would not under such circumstances."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Moore.

"Why," said Lillian, "no girl is allowed these privileges unless she is dressed in white. Of course Margie has no white dress, nor any other decent enough to wear on such an occasion as that."

Mrs. Moore said: "I am sorry for Margie, she is one of the best girls living. True, she is poor, but that is not her fault, only her misfortune. Can't you girls loan her a white dress for the occasion? I am sure we could fit one of Allie's dresses to her."

"No, indeed," chorused the girls, "we are only too glad to be rid of her, and leave her at home this one day."

"Too bad," said Mrs. Moore, "sorry I did not know about it in time. I am sure I owe her more than the price of a white dress for the work she has done."

Margie hid her treasures in the pantry, where they were safe from all prying eyes,

and waited until her work was done, and all of them had retired to the family room; then she tremblingly bore them to her room, carefully examined them, found in the bottom of the box, this note: "For Dear Margie, with love from Sarah. Margie, please keep this a secret until Thursday morning. I will come for you Thursday in the auto."

CHAPTER NINE

The long-expected day came at last, Commencement Day, the Commencement Day of Rosedale College. This was Margie's first commencement. Her imagination was busy picturing all the novel and grand scenes to be witnessed during that eventful day. She knew the seniors were to read essays and make speeches. She knew they were to wear caps and receive diplomas. She knew the school was to march from the chapel to the park and have the exercises in the great amphitheater. She was not nervous about it, as Sarah would be her chaperone.

Allie and Lillian Moore were in a nervous fidget all morning, dressing, fuming, fixing, constantly calling on their mother and Margie for assistance.

Lillian said, "Margie, you never saw anything as grand as it will be. Were I in your place I would get where I could see it. You can readily see the parade as they will

march from the college around the square to Park Avenue, and then up the Avenue to the great amphitheater. By standing inside the park at the west end you can see the band and all the faculty and pupils pass. Then, if you like, you can sit at the outskirts and see and hear the exercises also. You know none of the girls is allowed to be in the parade unless she is dressed in white." Margie said, "All right, I think I will see it." Margie had made all the preparation possible. She only had to put on her shoes, hat and dress. As soon as the young ladies were gone she hastened to her room, and began the wonderful transformation. A few moments later the "honk, honk" of an automobile was heard at the door. Mr. and Mrs. Moore stepped to the front, and beheld a vision of loveliness—Sarah Graham dressed in spotless white, in the latest and most approved style. She was stepping from the machine and gaily waved her morning salute to the watchers. She tripped up the walk and made the impression upon her neighbors that she came to show them her commencement suit.

After Mrs. Moore had admired and complimented it to her satisfaction, Sarah said, "Where is Margie?" Mrs. Moore replied, "Really, I do not know, perhaps in the kitchen, or maybe in her room. I heard Lillian telling her where to go and watch the parade as they marched past the park." Sarah said, "All right, I'll find her."

Mrs. Moore said to her husband, in a sympathetic tone: "It is too bad, I am sorry Margie can not go. If I had thought of it in time I would have changed one of Allie's dresses and fixed her up to go. I hardly think it is kind in Sarah to go and show her that superb outfit when she knows that Margie cannot go with the girls." "Oh! Margie," cried Sarah, "you are just too lovely. Here is a lace handkerchief, and a white fan to complete your outfit. No time for thanks. Yes, your hat, your dress is all right. Hurry, I would not be late for a horse."

Wonderful to be told, there emerged from the hall two Sarah Grahams. They really looked like twins. They laughingly waved to Mrs. Moore, who stood in speechless amazement at the wonderful apparition. She

did not envy Margie her magnificent present, but she did envy Sarah her inexpressible happiness. Why will not people with means oftener prove the Saviour's declaration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"? There is no possible doubt that Margie's dress and happiness were far greater in the estimation of Sarah than her own.

The automobile stopped in front of the college, and several groups of girls, who had heard of Sarah's beautiful dress and hat, and recognized the Graham machine, rushed down to welcome this popular schoolmate. Among the foremost was Lillian Moore, who was desperately in love with John Graham, Sarah's brother.

Imagine her consternation when, looking rather at the dress than the face of the girl who first stepped from the machine, she said, placing her hand upon her shoulder, "You are perfectly lovely, too sweet for description." The girl simply and unaffectedly said, "Thank you," and lo! it was Margie Freeman. The enthusiasm of the crowd oozed out in a most perceptible manner. The girls turned away in amazement, but dared

not show too plainly, in Sarah's presence, the mortification they felt, in what they termed a huge joke. The boys and girls marched in separate columns. They marched according to grades or classes, the graduates leading, the newly promoted seniors next. The boys' column was led by a brass band, the girls' by a string band. Together they were playing some lively march. Sarah and Margie, by common consent, headed the division of newly-elected sophomores. They sat together on the platform. Their faces were radiant with smiles and beamed with happiness. No mother in that throng was prouder of her daughter than was Sarah of her protege.

The public exercises were over. Margie returned to Mrs. Moore's, changed her dress and had dinner waiting when the family came in.

Lillian rushed to her mother and said: "Mother, did you see Margie? She sat with Sarah Graham, and was dressed exactly as Sarah. What on earth Sarah can see in a servant girl to go crazy over I can not understand."

"Well," said Mrs. Moore, "Margie is no ordinary girl. She has clearly demonstrated that in the six months she has been in our home. She has done more work than any servant I have had for years, done her work better, done it cheerfully without any grumbling, and has been pleasant about everything, and yet has done as much school work as you girls have done who had all your time for study. She has a talent for music and one of the sweetest voices I ever heard. Margie will one day be a grand woman, and people will be proud to associate with her."

"Well, mother," said Allie, "you have it pretty badly. Why do you not adopt her, educate her and enjoy her yet-to-be-won education?"

"I would like to do that very thing; would if I was able to do it, and could have my way about it."

Margie served the dinner and waited on the table as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"Vacation is here, and what is to be done with it?" said Lillian. "There is plenty to do," said her mother, "plenty for willing hands."

CHAPTER TEN

The family gathered on the large veranda and were discussing the day's events. They talked of the splendid music, the fine essays and orations, the large audience, the grand parade, the happiness beaming in the face of President Dixon and his splendid faculty, the delivery of the diplomas, yet Sarah Graham's episode with Margie was never out of their minds.

Finally Lillian said, "Mother, you must get rid of Margie now. No one will ever be able to put up with her insolence now after to-day's experience. Why Sarah should have done such a thing surpasses comprehension. The poor thing is forever ruined as a servant. Let her go with her finery. It won't last her long." "Well, Lillian, if I turn her off will you and Allie do the house work and the cooking? I really am not able to do it. The extreme summer heat is now upon us and it would lay me

up to attempt all my house work at this time."

"Now, mother," said Allie, "you know you do not mean that; you do not want us after the arduous duties and drudgery of our college course to go into the kitchen."

"It seems to me," replied Mrs. Moore, "that Margie has done as much college drudgery as you have done. I noticed her report was among the very best in her class, better than either of my daughter's; and in addition to her college work she has done all the house work and cooking for our family. You are anxious to kick her out but unwilling to take her place."

"Oh, mother," said Lillian, "let her go, and get a real servant, one who will know and stay in her place. We have put up with Margie as long as we can stand it."

"Now," said the mother, "I have listened to your unreasonable demands in the past, have humored your whims, have tried to please you in nearly everything, even when you were unreasonable in your demands. Now I want you to distinctly understand that I am mistress in this house. Margie

is the best servant I ever had, there has never been an act or look or word that indicated that she did not know her place. She has always strictly attended to her own business, has never been prying or inquisitive about anything; there is no evidence to my mind that to-day's transaction will in any way change her attitude toward any of us. Just as long as her conduct and work are as satisfactory as they have hitherto been she will remain in this home, if she so desires. Now this ends the whole controversy, and I warn you now not to interfere in any way with Margie's business; that is all between her and me."

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Moore went into the dining room in search of Margie. She found her sitting at the table reading her Bible. She said, "Margie, do you read your Bible much?" She answered: "Yes, I read it some every day. Sometimes I am so hurried I don't have time to meditate on what I read, and am afraid I do not get much out of it. I love to read it, and think about what it says. There are so many sweet, precious promises in it, so many loving in-

vitations. I do not see how I could get along without my Bible."

"I never could get very much interested in it," said Mrs. Moore. "There are so many hard names, and the customs of the people were so different, and so many things required that appear to me so unpleasant and unreasonable that I have never given it much real thought or attention."

Margie looked grave and troubled. Finally she said: "Mrs. Moore, if you were away out in a wild wilderness, and did not know how to get out, and a messenger should come and place a letter in your hand, and tell you it was from your father, and if you would read and follow the directions given therein you could learn the way home, do you think you would be interested in that letter, knowing that your escape from your perilous condition depended upon your following the directions given in the letter?"

"I certainly should prize and study closely the contents and directions," said the lady.

"That," said Margie, "is the real case, except this means the eternal deliverance of your immortal soul. God, our Father in

Heaven, has given us this book, the revelation of his will, to show us, teaching us how we may be saved forever in Heaven. We are here in a dark wilderness of sin and woe and misery. The Psalmist says, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path'."

Mrs. Moore turned and walked away thoughtful and serious. She remembered that she went to look for Margie to talk to her about future arrangements for her services, but she had forgotten the object which led her to seek the interview. She thought, "That is what makes Margie different from the rest of us. Real religion must be a wonderful thing." She walked into the family room and mechanically picked up the large family Bible, which was used principally as an ornament, and was seldom disturbed. She carelessly opened the Bible and read the last verses of the third chapter of James: "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness

is sown in peace of them that make peace." She said, "Surely, Margie has that peace." Then she turned over the leaves, and—shall we say accidentally, or providentially—her eye fell on these words: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." She was sure that Margie had the fruit of the Spirit. She postponed the business interview till the following day. She meditated a great deal during the night on what Margie had said, and what she had so casually read from her Bible. She believed Margie was a real Christian and wished she was one.

As Margie was preparing the evening lunch she sang softly and sweetly:

"I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

"Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine,
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

"O, the pure delight of a single hour,
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

"There are depths of love that I can not know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

"Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious bleeding side."

Mrs. Moore reflected: "How can she be so cheerful under all her burdens and labors? How can she seem so humble after such a day of exultation and triumph as this has been? I am thoroughly convinced that she has a source of comfort that I know nothing of. I know it would be wise to seek it. I will talk with her further."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

After the unusual excitement of the Commencement, the realization that for a time they were released from the daily rounds of study and recitations, the energy and efforts of the Misses Moore had relaxed, and they were inclined to the indulgence of an extra morning nap.

Margie was up at the usual early hour, was at her post of duty, was cheerily singing over her morning work, as she set about preparing the morning meal.

As Mrs. Moore entered the dining room she was singing:

"'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word;
Just to rest upon his promise;
Just to know 'Thus saith the Lord.'

"Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him,
How I've proved him o'er and o'er;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
O for grace to trust him more."

Mrs. Moore waited until she had sung the four stanzas and finished the chorus to

the last stanza, and then she said, "Good morning, little song bird." Margie blushed, and said: "I was not aware of your presence. Sometimes I sing because I am lonely, sometimes like the boy who 'whistled to keep up his courage,' and sometimes because I am so happy and thankful that the gladness just bubbles over in song."

"For which of these reasons were you singing this morning?" inquired the lady. Margie answered: "I think it was the last. God has been so good to me. He has given me kind friends, good health, an opportunity to attend college, a love for study, and the school year has been a success. I made my grade all right and hope the next year will be equally as successful. Why should I not be happy?"

"Blessed child," said Mrs. Moore, "but your worldly success and surroundings can not account for it all. There is something deeper, and far more precious than all these things that fills your heart and life. I wish I knew the secret. The girls will not be ready for breakfast early, so there is no

hurry. Sit down and let's talk matters over, while we can be alone and quiet."

In the quiet June morning they sat and talked of the past, present and future.

Mrs. Moore said: "Margie, I am not afraid of spoiling you now. I have seen you tested in various ways, and like Sarah, I am ready to pronounce you '*pure gold.*' I want to give you this," handing her a ten-dollar bill; "you will need some shoes and various other little things. I owe you far more than that, and hope sometime I may be able to pay you more fully." "Oh, thank you so much," said Margie. "I want you to remain with me permanently. During the vacation I will give you three dollars a week; besides, Sarah proposes to give you lessons in music, and you shall have time for lessons, and time for practice, and the use of the piano. Did you ever take any lessons in music?"

"Oh, yes," answered Margie; "when I was in the Home, I had such a sweet teacher. She gave me lessons and I did enjoy them so much. Have always looked forward to a time when I might renew the delightful study, both instrumental and vocal. I had

not dreamed of the possibility of this so soon. I am so glad, so thankful."

Margie was inexpressibly happy. This was one of the times when the "gladness just would bubble over," but she restrained herself lest they might think she was singing just to attract attention, so she contented herself by merely humming quietly snatches of joyous tunes as she went briskly and happily about her work.

The girls besieged their mother to permit them to go away on a visit, and have a real vacation. Finally it was arranged that they should spend a month in the country with a wealthy aunt, who was always glad to have her house filled with gay young people. They had a glorious good time, fishing, boating, bicycling and motoring over the country.

In the meantime Mrs. Moore was taken quite ill. They thought at first it was only the excitement and overwork consequent on the strenuous days of Commencement. Margie took all the burdens off her, and begged her to rest and be quiet. Mrs. Moore realized

as never before what a treasure she had in this helpful, thoughtful servant.

After two weeks, the physician pronounced her illness to be a mild case of typhoid fever. He suggested a trained nurse, ordered perfect quiet, and only liquid food, and that to be taken very sparingly. Mr. Moore made every reasonable effort to secure the trained nurse, but had not succeeded at the end of the next week. Mrs. Moore, though quite ill and becoming weaker each day, insisted that she needed no one but Margie. The doctor reluctantly consented to her demands, believing the disease would run its course in the usual time without serious complications. Margie was vigilant in her watching. She gave the medicines, watched the patient, took her temperature, and kept the record accurately, for the information of the physician. By and by the turn came and the patient slowly began to gain in strength. The fever had wonderfully consumed her flesh and strength, but the desire for food had returned and Margie, who had won golden opinions from the doctor, was charged par-

ticularly to be careful of the patient's diet, warning her that the least mistake might prove fatal.

No doubt you wonder why the daughters had not been sent for. Mrs. Moore insisted that they would only increase Margie's work without rendering an equal amount of assistance. After a long time they were informed of the mother's illness, but they had no conception of its seriousness. They were promptly notified of the happy turn, the certainty of improvement, and the term of their vacation was increased by adding two weeks thereto.

Mrs. Moore soon became able to sit in a large invalid chair and to converse freely. She said: "Margie, during my illness I had the proper use of my mental faculties most of the time. There were incidents and intervals that seem rather hazy, indistinct, dreamlike; but I had time and ability to think. I realized that I had been very foolish in not seeking salvation. I thought I did not then have sufficient clearness of mind to attend to the most important matter of life. I solemnly promised the Lord that if he

would make me well that I would seek him with my whole heart and serve him the rest of my days. Now I mean to do that very thing, and I want your help and crave your prayers."

The tears gathered in Margie's eyes, as she realized this immediate answer to her prayers. The salvation of Mrs. Moore had been on her heart ever since she had known her, but especially since her recent illness began. She said: "Mrs. Moore, I have prayed for you every day and hour. You always have my prayers; as to my help, I fear that will not be of any great value. Jesus can render all the help you need. That is just what he came into the world to do. Paul said, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' If you realize you are a sinner, then you are the very one Jesus came to save. He says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' He said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He said,

'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He said, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' Now all you have to do is just to trust your sin-sick soul to him, just as you committed your sick body to the doctor. The doctor, under God's blessing, healed your body, and Jesus, the great Physician, will heal your soul."

Mrs. Moore was amazed beyond expression. That was the plainest presentation of the way of life she had ever heard; it seemed to her the sweetest gospel message to which she had ever listened. And she prayed for faith to accept it, for grace to receive and act upon this presentation of his promises.

Margie was busy now about her work in the dining room, and was preparing special nourishment for the invalid. As she worked she sang so sweetly:

"Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow."

"Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,

And he will surely give you rest
By trusting in his word.
Only trust him, only trust him, only trust him now.
He will save you, he will save you, he will save you now."

A little later there was heard the triumphant chorus:

"I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free."

Mrs. Moore with streaming eyes said: "Bless the dear child. She can sing the glorious gospel as well as talk it"; and she exultingly said, "Yes, I do believe, I now believe that Jesus died for *me*, and through his blood, his precious blood, *I am* from sin set free."

With joy unspeakable and full of glory she, so weak and feeble, leaned back in her chair, and with a smile born of a heavenly hope, fell asleep.

Thus Margie discovered her when she came to ask if she was ready for her nourishment.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Margie saw on the pallid face of the invalid the smile of joy and tranquil peace. She wondered if it was the result of trust in her Saviour. She hoped and believed it was. She was careful not to awaken her. She saw Mr. Moore coming in to dinner, and she quietly slipped into the dining room and beckoned him to the door. She noiselessly set his dinner, telling him Mrs. Moore had fallen asleep and must not be disturbed. He ate his dinner, looked in a moment at his wife and went away.

Margie silently, hopefully watched the sleeper, anxious to hear her speak and yet was wise enough to know that every moment of sleep was the best of medicine for the weak body. When she awoke her eyes fell on the smiling face of her faithful nurse. With a look of joy she feebly said: "Margie, I am so happy. I am trusting the blessed Saviour. It is well with my soul." The little maid smilingly said: "I am so glad.

I don't think there has been an hour and scarcely a conscious moment during your illness that I have not prayed that God would heal your body and save your soul." After a warm handclasp, and a heartfelt "Thank you" from Mrs. Moore, Margie brought her nourishment. She ate it with a relish, lay back on her pillow, and said, "Margie, sing for me."

"What shall I sing?" asked the happy, delighted girl. "Oh," she said, "whatever you like, all your songs are sweet to me."

She sang:

"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
'It is well, it is well with my soul.'

"Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

"My sin—oh the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul."

"Oh, how true, how blessedly true, and how sweet just to know, 'It is well with my soul.' Now sing me one verse of that sweet song I once heard you sing about trusting in Jesus."

"Do you mean, Mrs. Moore, that one beginning, "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus'?" "Yes," said the lady, "that's it."

She sang:

"'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word;
Just to rest upon his promise,
Just to know, 'Thus saith the Lord.'

"Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him,
How I've proved him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
O for grace to trust him more."

"Now, you must be quiet, and rest. I'm afraid the doctor will scold me now. If your fever should come back, I should be greatly distressed, thinking I had excited you with my singing."

"Never fear, your singing, your words, your prayers and your sympathy have led me to Jesus. He has saved me. 'It is well with my soul.' No, it won't hurt me, can't

hurt me. Salvation, oh, it is like healing waters. Precious peace. Blessed rest. Oh, the joy in my heart. 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul'."

"Now, dear mother, please be quiet," and Margie left the room.

Mrs. Moore again fell into a peaceful slumber, from which she finally awoke much refreshed and strengthened. She lay there quietly and thought about the goodness of God; his mysterious providences, how this dear sweet girl had been thrust into her life, how this unexpected sickness had come upon her, how he had led her soul to himself. Then she thought of Margie's words and of her calling her mother. She said: "Precious child, I wish she would call me that all the time. The dear, lonely heart. She had two mothers and God took both of them. As far as I can I mean to be a mother to the dear motherless child."

Margie in her watchfulness soon discovered she was awake. Mrs. Moore said: "Now, sit here with me. I want you to write to the children. Tell them I am get-

ting well, and want to see them, and they must come home right away."

Margie wrote the girls, Lillian and Allie, the mother wanted them now and said for them to come home.

They reluctantly gave up their pleasures and arranged for the homeward journey. They little dreamed how sick their mother had been, and had no conception of the labor and responsibility that had rested on Margie. They were surprised to see how emaciated the mother was, and realized to some extent the seriousness of her condition. Mrs. Moore told them of Margie's faithfulness and efficiency. She said to them that Margie must have some rest. You girls must wait on me and let Margie sleep or walk, or read, or anything she desires. You must help her about the cooking and the housework. Had she been my own child she could not have been more attentive, more kind and sympathetic. I shall never forget Margie while life lasts. You must be just as kind to her as if she was your own sister. Remember there are to be no slurs, no slights. Margie Free-

man is a perfect lady; as Sarah Graham says, she is *pure gold.*"

Allie and Lillian were astonished. Changes had come of which they had not dreamed. They could not rebel, for they felt they were almost in the presence of death. They were humiliated to think they had been so thoughtless about their mother's illness while a mere stranger had played a child's part so faithfully, and they feared had almost taken their place in their mother's affections. They dared not to speak to each other all their thoughts and fears, and were really surprised at the willing efforts they were making to carry out their mother's instructions.

Under Mrs. Moore's strict commands Margie took a good deal of rest. She superintended the cooking, and the housework was largely turned over to the daughters. She found the superintendence and instruction necessary to be given even more trying than doing the work, but she saw Mrs. Moore's object and knew these girls needed just the lessons, so persevered faithfully.

She still prepared all the nourishment for the invalid and looked after her carefully. She was really surprised to find how tired and worn she was after a few siestas, morning and afternoon. She felt she had lost her usual energy, and the relaxation from the constant strain made her feel that she had gone beyond her strength. She chided herself and asked herself if she were growing lazy.

Mrs. Moore's watchful eyes saw the condition and insisted on Mr. Moore securing a cook to help the girls and allow Margie to go away for a perfect rest. This she would not consent to, but said if she desired to relieve her of the work temporarily, she would accept Sarah Graham's earnest invitation to visit her, but she insisted that she must be allowed to run home every few hours to prepare and give the mother her nourishment. So this arrangement was cheerfully entered into by our little heroine. This led to other developments.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Margie's industry, endurance and efficiency became the talk of the town. People looked on with amazement at what she had accomplished. She was becoming very popular in the community.

Sarah Graham was elated to secure her as a guest in their home. She went with her morning, noon and night to visit the patient for several days. Mrs. Moore was going around in the house, and was able to give directions to the girls and the cook. She insisted that Margie must go away and get a little breathing spell of complete rest.

Sarah suggested they go for a visit to the Springs, a fashionable resort about sixty miles distant. Her brother would go with them as an escort. They would go in the automobile and could return at pleasure.

Sarah could handle the machine as dextrously as her brother, but they needed an escort, a protector, and a man to care for the machine. John was glad to go, both for

the trip and for the opportunity of better acquaintance with their guest, for be it known unto you the time had come when no one in the town was ashamed of the acquaintance and friendship of the "young lady" at Mr. Moore's. Her superiority in character had been thoroughly tested and proven. Her independence was the admiration of all who knew her.

John Graham resolved to be gallant and gentlemanly to the young lady, but felt sure he was going to fall desperately in love with her before he should return home. Sarah, whose admiration had constantly grown and increased in intensity, as Margie had made good at every point, was secretly hoping that John would admire her lovely friend.

The constant and intimate association with one so magnetic and attractive must necessarily awaken in a responsive heart an unfeigned admiration, a sincere regard, and an unconscious budding of the tender passion. This John realized, but he had no inclination to guard his susceptible nature, and curb the tendencies of his smitten heart. He began to plan and seek an opportunity

to let the fair conqueror know of his willing surrender. In privacy he would frequently write sentimental notes, but was afraid and ashamed to give them to Margie. The trio were planning for a "spin" one afternoon. The object of the drive was a visit to a neighboring town some ten miles distant.

Just before starting Sarah was invited to have a seat with some intimate friends going to the same place and would not return. Her only chance for a visit with them was the ride in the auto. The arrangement delighted John; surely fortune or Cupid was favoring him, and now was a chance for the confession he was longing to make. His conduct had been so sufficiently guarded that no one suspected the consuming desire in his young heart. His unexpected approach to the subject alarmed our little heroine. She attempted to stop him, and thus save him the humiliation of an open defeat, but it seemed to him he must tell it regardless of the consequences. Margie replied with the most sincere respect, but in a way that made John realize how far above him she was in purpose and character. She said:

"John, I am sorry you have said so much, it will necessarily interfere with the free and unstudied conduct of each of us. I have enjoyed so much being in your home, being associated with all of you, and especially with Sarah, who has been my best friend when I was in sore need of friends. You and I are only school children, with years of toil and study yet before us, ere we shall be fitted for the stern realities of life. I beg that we shall still be friends, but there must not be a recurrence of this, else you will greatly interfere with my plans and with my enjoyment in your home. Will you promise me this?" Then to help him, she added: "You must remember I am Mrs. Moore's servant girl. What would your proud friends say if you should ever claim a servant girl for a sweetheart?"

John said doggedly: "I don't care what they say or what they think. None of them is your equal. I love you and I care not who knows it."

"Now," said Margie, "please, John, don't do that. It is hopeless; it is foolish. We must not think of any such thing. I know

I am as good as any one who does no better than I do, but you can't make the world believe that." "That's it," said John, "and no one does better than you do and, therefore, no one is better than you are."

In spite of all protests the young man, having broken the ice, got started, and he would not stop. He poured into her ears the old story of love, and though it seemed absolutely useless and hopeless, yet it was a relief to his pent-up feelings. He also realized that it was likely the only opportunity he would ever have, and he felt like it was a relief to him now, and would be a comfort to him in the desolate future, to remember she knew how he loved her.

John unconsciously stopped his machine, and looked at her in blank dismay. The idea of John Graham, son of the wealthiest man in the town, the handsome, proud heir to a nice fortune, being lectured in this fashion by a girl in her position was astounding, something new, unheard of, a great surprise. The lecture, however, only increased the uncontrollable love of his heart and augmented his admiration, not only for her

beauty and worth, but for her womanly independence and for her quenchless ambition, her high ideals of life's responsibilities and possibilities.

After some moments of vacant staring and speechless amazement he bethought himself and started his machine.

The remainder of the trip was made largely in constrained silence, and Margie was glad to find release from the embarrassing situation into which John's abrupt venture had precipitated them.

Sarah joined them soon after entering the town. After a brief tour they returned to the Springs, Sarah doing most of the talking and wondering what had quenched the usual vivacious spirits of her traveling companions.

The next day John insisted on returning home. Margie was not averse to going, saying she was anxious to know how Mother Moore was progressing.

Sarah was loath to break away from her pleasant surroundings, and to forego so many anticipated pleasures. but said being

hopelessly in the minority she would have to acquiesce.

They found Mrs. Moore greatly improved. She gave Margie a hearty welcome. She said, "Now, half of the vacation has gone, and you have not begun your music lessons at all." Margie said, "Yes, during my stay at Mr. Graham's I have had a lesson every day, and considerable practice besides. I think I have regained what I have lost in the past year by my utter neglect of music."

Mrs. Moore was surprised at her remark, and said: "I did not know that you ever had music lessons. I supposed it was to be something entirely new in your life's experience, or if I knew I had forgotten."

"No," replied Margie, "when I was in the Children's Home, I took lessons and enjoyed it so much. I am passionately fond of music and hope some day to be able to perform in such a manner that my friends will not be ashamed of me." Sarah said: "Mrs. Moore, I was amazed at the knowledge Margie had of music. True, she was out of practice, but in a few days her exercises seemed no more trouble to her than they were to me.

I found she had passed through a splendid training in the elementary principles of music. Now at sight, Margie, go to the piano, and play some for Mrs. Moore."

At this request she sat down for the first time to the piano in the Moore home. She glanced over the sheets of music on the rack and with ease, without ostentation, played two or three simple pieces to the delight of the listeners. Mrs. Moore and her daughters were amazed.

Lillian felt piqued at the idea of their cook using her piano and music. After her performance she was ashamed to think her touch, her ease and skill were superior to her own after the years of experience she had, under the most popular teachers. She resolved to interfere by refusing to allow her the use of the piano. Accordingly she planned a caustic lecture for the mother, who could so far forget as to elevate a servant, a kitchen maid, to an equal plane with her own proud, aristocratic daughters.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Our little heroine was ready to consider her visit and vacation ended. She went to her room, donned a suitable dress, and her kitchen apron, and went to the dining room to aid the cook in preparing the evening meal. She soon discovered considerable disorder and evidences of untidiness in the kitchen and dining room. She refrained from any complaint, simply resolving silently to put things to rights.

The Misses Moore refrained from any remarks in the presence of Miss Graham. They accompanied her to the gate. Upon the lawn they held a council of war and decided that their mother must have a lecture at once before things became unbearable in the home.

Accordingly they returned, and Allie said: "Mother, I am amazed that you should so forget yourself, the dignity of our family, to so humiliate your daughters that you put a common servant, a kitchen maid at our

piano, and have her perform for the entertainment of company. What will the people say? What will the Graham family, the family of Dr. Dixon, think of such conduct?"

And Lillian added: "I suppose John Graham and Tom Dixon, our special company, will be afraid to call in the future, fearing the possibility of being entertained by our cook. As for me, if she uses the piano, I will not."

The mother said: "Girls, I expect your mother owes her life to-day to the tender care and skilful nursing of that same despised cook. *She is pure gold.* Sarah was right. We have tested and proven her and we know. Besides, I did not ask her to play, never thought of such a thing, did not suppose she could play. Sarah asked her to play. I am glad she did. I did not object, am glad I didn't. Never thought of interposing an objection. I shall in the future tender her the use of the piano, any time when she has time and the instrument is not being used by others. And I notify you girls right now, my daughters, that you will

both go right on with your practice just as though Margie had never touched a key on that piano. Another thing is that if you heap any indignity upon her in my presence you may expect a rebuke from your mother whether in the presence of company or not."

The girls, amazed, crestfallen, left the mother and strolled off alone.

"What are we to do?" said the rebellious Lillian.

"Do just what mother says," replied Allie. "She has made up her mind, and we must abide by it. It is awful. It may be that John and Tom will cease to pay any attention to us when they understand that we are placed on a level with a servant girl. But we can't help it. I never saw mother more emphatic, more determined about anything."

"I just know it will be the end of John Graham's attention. He is not like Sarah. He is proud, has family pride, and I am sure he would not visit where there is no distinction made between ladies and servants," said Lillian. "I mean at least to appeal to father, and see if he can't put a stop to such

ridiculous proceedings. I will ask him to send her away, that we simply can not abide her insolence."

They watched for the home-coming of Mr. Moore. They called him to the lawn swing in the yard; here they unbosomed their woes, and asked for his interposition in the matter.

He said: "Girls, you don't know Margie, *she is pure gold.* Your mother was critically ill. If she had been her own mother, she could not have been more attentive, patient, kind and faithful. She is the most unselfish person I ever saw. I don't see how we could do without her. She not only waited upon and nursed your mother, but she prepared my meals, kept the house, never murmured, never complained about anything. She has been about the only sunshine in our home since you have been gone. I hope you girls will just do right now and not bother about her or anything your mother proposes in regard to the girl. I tell you *she is pure gold.* She won't hurt your piano, nor you either."

They could not understand how Margie had crept into the hearts of both their parents.

As they approached the house, Lillian said, "Well, it puts us on the same plane with the servant, and it violates every idea of propriety, ruins our standing in the community, isolates us from society and consigns us to a degradation from which we will never recover."

This last sentence reached Margie's ears as she was at the window of the dining room, arranging the curtain, so as to give sufficient light for the evening luncheon.

It was a revelation that brought pain to her heart. She knew that neither of the proud young ladies wanted to associate with her, but did not know they resented so bitterly the mother's kindly interest in her. She at once resolved upon her course. She would ask Mrs. Moore to release her and she would seek work elsewhere. She could not think of giving up her school.

She knew Mrs. Moore had determined to dismiss the temporary cook and reinstate her in her former place with reasonable remun-

eration. She must speak to Mrs. Moore before the cook left and tell her to retain her at present. She could explain later.

After tea she went to Mrs. Moore and said, "Please have Tillie, the cook, to come back tomorrow and don't say anything yet to her about leaving."

"All right, Margie," thinking she had some plans, calls or business she desired to look after before she assumed entire control of the culinary department again.

After retiring she lay awake a long time planning for the uncertain future. She regretted inexpressibly the necessity of giving up her home and position in which she had thought herself safely intrenched for the remaining years of her school life.

The following day she sought an interview with Mrs. Moore. She told her frankly that she was creating trouble in the home, that the young ladies did not want her there, and she could not bear to be in the way of any one's happiness. "Now," she said, "Mrs Moore, if you are willing for me to stay in the kitchen and dining room, and my own little hall-room, except when I am clean-

ing the house, and whenever you need my services, never to go into the parlor or family room when there are guests or visitors in the house except upon orders, I will consent to be your servant still, will do all I can to please you. You know I care little for slights and snubbings. Life to me is too serious to be greatly disturbed by these little conventionalities of society."

Mrs. Moore understood the matter and said: "All right, my child. Tillie will remain for the present. We will talk over the matter more fully tomorrow."

The following day Mrs. Moore and Margie had a consultation, and agred that, until school began, she should have ample time to go up to Mr. Graham's and practice her music. That she could use her pleasure and go where and when she pleased through the home. Mrs. Moore said she much preferred she should practice her music at home. There were two reasons—she wanted to teach her daughters a lesson, and she wanted her near her; but as Sarah Graham had offered the use of her parlor and piano, perhaps that fact would make a greater im-

pression upon them than to have her use their piano.

The following evening, John Graham and Tom Dixon sent cards, asking the pleasure of calling on the Misses Moore. The boys had been away a large part of the vacation weeks, and the young ladies had also been away. They were eager and excited over the coming of the young gentlemen. Young Dixon was the eldest son of Dr. Dixon, the president of the college, and John Graham is already known to our readers.

The young gentlemen were duly and cordially welcomed and the evening bade fair to be one of special pleasure and social enjoyment. They had music and dominoes, music and chit-chat.

Finally reference was made to Mrs. Moore's illness and to Margie's faithful and efficient nursing by Mr. Dixon. "Yes," said Lillian, "and mother is perfectly infatuated with her. I think she would like to adopt her, and install her as her third daughter, give her music and elevate her to the position of first lady of the land. Why mother actually proposed to have her practice on

our piano. I think she would like to have her come into the parlor and meet our young gentlemen friends, and entertain them."

Tom Dixon said: "I see no reason why she should not. There are no young ladies in the town brighter and more sensible than she is, and very few as accomplished in common-sense things. Her very force of character as seen in her independence and excellent conduct will win her a place whereever she chooses to go."

"I agree with you, Tom," said John. "I motored down to the Springs with her and Sarah. Of course, she was our guest, and there was not a handsomer or more popular young lady on the grounds than she. When it came to dancing and card playing, and things of that character, she proudly pleaded ignorance and asked to be excused. Believe me, these very things differentiated her, put her in a class by herself and contributed no little to her popularity. Scores of young men tried to flirt with her, but she would never see their advances. I tell you *she is pure gold.*"

The young ladies were glad to change the topic of conversation.

The callers retired. The young ladies were sorely puzzled. What on earth was there about a penniless orphan, a common servant to win such admiration? They began to think maybe the young men were more sensible than the world gave them credit for being. Still, as Margie loomed up as a possible rival, she was not advanced in their estimation.

Until late at night they discussed the vexing problem in their bedroom. They saw no way out of the difficulties. Their parents were infatuated with her. Sarah Graham, daughter of the most wealthy merchant in the town, had championed her cause, had her visit her, and had her accompany her to the Springs, had recognized her in society, and thus had given her prestige. Their special beaux had paid her the very highest compliments and were ready to show her respect as a lady. Perhaps, after all, it was useless to kick against the goads. There was no question about Margie deserving all the popularity to which she had attained,

and under all the circumstances it seemed best to let her enjoy to the full the well-earned place she had won in the estimation of the people. Tom and John had both voluntarily come promptly to her rescue.

Allie said: "Well, it beats the world. What does it all mean anyhow? The idea of Tom Dixon and John Graham advocating the admission of our servants into the society of the elite, making them equal with the first young ladies of the town! I am surprised beyond expression."

"You ask what it means," said Lillian. "It means simply that Sarah Graham with her infatuation for Margie, her quixotic notions, her silly independence, has foolishly undertaken to treat a servant girl as an equal, and to elevate her into the first set. There is really no use in rebelling against it. Sarah, with her prestige, her wealth and independence, can do it, and if she is not merely experimenting for her own amusement, she will do it. It may be when she has proven to her satisfaction that she can succeed that she will abandon her project and let her

drop. My! but in that case, 'Great would be the fall'."

"No fear of her abandoning her undertaking," said Allie. "Sarah is not built that way. Besides, she really admires and loves the girl, and any one could, were it not for her antecedents and her station in life. She, however, may overdo the business, and bring lasting regret and deep mortification when it is too late. It would be funny if her proud, stylish brother would fall in love with the little minx and propose to take her into the home, and it would serve her just right. What would her associates say if Margie Freeman, Mrs. Moore's cook, should become a bride in the wealthy Graham home?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lillian. "John, you know, has been my special company for more than a year, ever since I have been allowed to receive company. True, there have been no open confessions, no irrevocable vows, no secret pledges of eternal constancy, but it is tacitly understood that we are real sweethearts, and one day, when our school days are over and life's realities shall dawn upon our pathway, that together we

shall in earthly joy walk 'neath the Edenic bowers of blissful love. No, I scarcely think it possible that a servant girl shall usurp my place in the affections and heart of the handsomest young gentleman, the most desirable catch in the town. I promise you I shall lose no sleep worrying over the problematic probabilities of such a problem."

"No, I should not worry about it," responded Allie, "but the thing, though improbable, is not impossible. You know the Graham family is wealthy enough and independent enough to defy the opinions of the whole town, if they should set themselves against the opinions and conventionalties of the people. I am sorry mother ever employed her in the home, sorry that she and Sarah are so infatuated with her. Still, I do not know what would have become of mother during her illness, but for Margie. Mother thinks now she owes her life to her care and nursing, and she will never think she has repaid her for that care. You saw evidence of that in her proposed arrangement to have her use our piano. No doubt Margie would like it. It would give her an

excuse to use our parlor, and afford her an opportunity to meet our company."

"However, to be candid," said Lillian, "I don't think Margie has any disposition to be forward, to crowd herself in any one's way. You notice she is never seen around when we, or even mother, have company. She does not even talk to the family during meals, only to ask such questions as are necessary in waiting upon the table. I think she feels her inferiority, remembers her station and means to keep her place." "That is true in a measure, strictly true at home," said Allie, "but you notice at school she is always the foremost in answering questions, and in asking the teachers for information. She certainly does forget her station when in our classes." "That," said Lillian, "is to be expected. She is in school to learn. No one is better prepared for recitations than she is. The teachers all recognize that. They accord to her all the privileges given to any of the students. They could not do otherwise; and besides, she is our equal there, though we do not relish the realization of that fact, much less the acknowledging of

it. Really, I did not like Tom's remark about her ability and rights tonight, much less did I like John's enthusiastic endorsement of his sentiments. 'Such is life,' but this is to me a new phase of life."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Sarah continued to give music lessons to Margie and have her practice daily on her piano, until she declared the pupil had excelled the teacher, both in performance and the knowledge of the exquisite art. Together they played duets, together they sang, together they took evening rides, whenever our little servant could spare the time.

Margie did most all her sewing, her own washing and ironing, mending and so forth.

She was eager to take up her course in college again, and was anxiously counting the days until the time should arrive for the fall opening of school.

Mrs. Moore's health was yet precarious, her strength returned very slowly, she often needed special attention and care. Her faithful servant never tired of administering to her necessities, she often anticipated her wants, and suggested changes in her food and other things which added greatly to her comfort. Her own daughters, bent on pleas-

ure, only seeking to gratify their own whims and fancies, seemed to think they were under no obligations to even think of their mother's comfort. That was Margie's business. She was paid for it. Let her wait upon the sick mother, while they in thoughtless ingratitude rarely gave her any time or attention, and with little or no filial affection, merely formally inquired after mother's condition. Margie often spent hours reading, singing and playing for her, and always seemed happy when administering to her wants, or in any way adding to her comfort and pleasure.

Mrs. Moore was exceedingly grateful, often showing her appreciation in substantial gifts, as tokens of her sincere gratitude.

The remainder of the vacation was spent by most of the young people of the town in gayety and social enjoyment. There was baseball, football and basketball, there were picture shows, picnics, fishing parties, and then the County Fair. Margie was at home all the time except the daily visit to Mr. Graham's to study and practice her music. She was planning for the work be-

fore her and was eager to get to her studies in the college.

There was a jolly reunion of the students, yet many of them were sorry the routine of college work was again upon them. It meant mental drudgery to many of them. To Margie it meant the joyful acquisition of learning which was to fit her for the arduous duties of life. It was like the bubbling waters from springs of knowledge, quenching her thirst, and yet increasing her desire for deeper draughts.

Sarah Graham was her champion, her bosom friend, her sworn ally. To slight Margie was to slight Sarah, to offend Margie was to meet with prompt resentment from the wealthiest and most popular girl in school. This friendship proved a protection and shield to our little heroine on countless occasions. Margie understood and fully appreciated the unquestioned advantage it gave her in school life.

She now had her music in school, her practice each day in the college parlors. She also, by the advice of Dr. Dixon, who was genuinely interested in her, arranged for vo-

cal lessons twice a week. Her clear sweet voice rose above all the others in the chapel songs each morning, insomuch that many forgot that others were singing.

As the days passed she grew in favor with the professors and pupils. She was winning golden opinions day by day. She did her housework with alacrity and with great satisfaction to Mrs. Moore. Her college work was the constant talk and admiration of her teachers and fellow pupils.

A public entertainment was to be given by the literary societies of the college. A handsome award was to be given for the best essay, or original speech. Any pupil could enter the contest, privately, if he or she preferred, only giving the name to the president. Speeches and essays were to be handed to the Professor of English, one week prior to the entertainment. He was to select three essays and three speeches which he considered the best. These were to be submitted to the faculty, they were to decide each one privately which was the best production. These six productions were to be presented to the public. At the close of the

contest, the entire faculty with an equal number of citizens, selected as judges, were by private ballot to decide who had won in the contest.

None of the pupils knew that Margie was to prepare an essay. She worked at it night after night in connection with her studies after her work was completed in the kitchen and dining room.

Only a few, perhaps as many as ten, entered the contest. Most of them did not believe there was any chance of winning, and many said they did not have time from their regular studies. No one knew of Margie's effort, not even Mrs. Moore, who was closer to her than any one, except Sarah Graham. She was tempted to tell Sarah, but feared, if she did, that Sarah would not write and contend against her. Sarah intended to enter the contest, but later decided not to as she was giving extra time to her music.

The important night came, the chapel was crowded to overflowing. Expectation was on tiptoe. Only the faculty and the favored six knew who were to read and speak. They arranged to have the speeches and essays

alternate. Purposely the private program was arranged so that Margie's essay came last. The faculty had unanimously decided for her, with the reservation that the delivery of the productions would weigh very highly in the final decision. There was a flutter of excitement, and a deep interest manifested by all when her name was called.

She modestly came forward, plainly but neatly attired (for be it known that both from necessity and choice her dressing was always distinguished by plainness but the strictest neatness). Without needless embarrassment she read with a clearness and sweetness of voice that was perfectly captivating, both matter and manner almost above criticism. At the close of the reading the spontaneous applause was to her far more embarrassing than all the public effort had been. When the announcement of her success was made, when Dr. Dixon announced the unanimous decision in favor of Margie, and placed the beautiful gold medal around her neck, with the expressed hope that she would wear it every day as a token of her success and a joyous reward for her

industry and accomplishment, the applause was renewed with even increased enthusiasm.

Sarah Graham gathered her in her arms and said, with enthusiasm, "I was never so proud of anything in all my life." Teachers and students congratulated her with sincere joy over her well-deserved success. If any one did not think her the equal of any pupil in college it was to that one's shame.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

After her signal triumph in the contest for the medal, given for the best essay, Margie, exceedingly grateful for the success, wore her honors without ostentation as with modesty and joy she wore the beautiful medal. There was the daily evidence to both pupils and teachers of her superiority in industry as well as of her native and cultivated talent. While honored by most of her fellow pupils, there were some envious spirits among them, whose jealousy was increased to real hatred. Prominent among these was Lillian Moore. John Graham had heartily and joyfully congratulated Margie on her marvelous success, and Lillian, who had already become exceedingly jealous of Margie, was wrought up to a pitch of anger that threatened, not only her peace of mind, but also her conduct as a young lady among her associates.

She deliberately determined she should not remain under their roof. She would de-

mand her removal from the home. True, she was the most efficient and really the most acceptable servant Mrs. Moore had ever had in the home, but Lillian determined to carry her point and rid the home of her hateful rival. She hoped by driving her from her home, and cutting off her only means of subsistence, thus to compel her to leave college, defeat her ambition in securing an education, subject her to humiliation and defeat, but above all to break off her association entirely with the Graham family. Accordingly she peremptorily demanded of her mother the prompt dismissal of the treasured helper.

Mrs. Moore positively refused such an unreasonable request. Her indulgence to her daughters, and her servile submission to their dictates and demands had already spoiled, in a large measure, the disposition of her children. They had come to believe themselves the rightful sovereigns of the home, and their mother an inferior being subject to their whims and caprices.

Lillian was amazed and woefully disappointed at her mother's refusal, but no less determined to accomplish her purpose.

The mother spoke of Margie's efficiency, her trustworthy character, her willingness to serve, her attentive care of herself, the helpful relief in the management of the home affairs, her prudence and unostentatious conduct on all occasions. She said, "There is absolutely no ground for complaint, she is a perfect treasure, *she is pure gold.*"

Soon after this futile effort upon Lillian's part to rid herself of Margie's presence, John Graham made a formal call upon Lillian. She was greatly piqued at the growing infrequency of his calls and the manifest decline of his interest in her society. Believing, however, that her influence over him was sufficient to enlist his efforts in behalf of the contemplated scheme in driving Margie from the school, she attempted to introduce, cautiously and tactfully, the subject. She secretly hoped also by this means to swing him back in line and to renew his former constancy, and gain his undivided attention and interest to herself. Imagine her

surprise, chagrin, her indescribable mortification when John replied: "I would much rather aid and encourage her praiseworthy efforts to gain the goal for which she is striving, than in any way hinder her in obtaining the desired end. I do not think she has a superior in talent or in character among all the pupils in our school. I am sorry you feel toward her as you do, and I beg you to desist from your unworthy object to defeat her in this grand purpose of her life."

The remainder of John's visit was under a manifest constraint and was not at all enjoyable either to the caller or the entertainer. It was speedily brought to a close.

Lillian was more determined than ever to accomplish her nefarious purpose, and set about making it as unpleasant as possible for Margie. She found fault with everything she did. She complained of the food. She disarranged the furniture, she littered the house, and charged it all to Margie's carelessness. She snubbed and openly offended Margie in the presence of the family, and the frequent visitors to the house. Mrs. Moore was well aware as to who was the

offender. She shielded Margie in every way she could and sought to hide from her as far as possible the slights of her spoiled selfish daughters.

Margie was by no means blind to the condition of affairs in the home, and after prayerful consideration sought counsel with Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore protested against her leaving under any consideration. Margie pleaded for release. She greatly appreciated Mrs. Moore's kindness and regretted the necessity of leaving her, but said she could not be happy knowing the young ladies were so bitterly opposed to her staying in the home. She did not want to be in any one's way. She surely was not willing to make any one unhappy. She cared little for the snubs and sneers so far as she herself was concerned, but deplored the fact that others were rendered unhappy on account of her presence.

Mrs. Moore inquired what she expected to do if she went away. She replied: "I do not know. I thought of trying to borrow sufficient money to carry me to the end of the session in school, then work to pay it back,

and remain out of school a year, and try by industry and economy to earn and save enough possibly to attend another year. I shall not give up. I must have an education in spite of all difficulties. I think I may be able to secure and teach a country or village school next year, or perhaps to instruct beginners in music."

Mrs. Moore said: "I regret exceedingly your decision to leave me. If you will remain I assure you of my appreciation, and will do all I can to make everything as pleasant as possible."

"I understand that," said Margie, "and to leave looks to me very, very gloomy indeed. I have no money, no surplus clothing, and the only way I have been able to figure out the immediate future is to try to find some friend who will lend me sufficient money to complete the present session. I had hoped to remain with you, but it seems now that it cannot be."

Mrs. Moore said, "I would gladly furnish you the money myself if I had it, but this I cannot do. Take your time and make the best arrangement you can, and rest assured

you will always have my sympathy, love and best wishes."

Margie confided her troubles to her best friend, Sarah Graham. She was indignant at Lillian's conduct, which she had learned largely from her brother John. She immediately and heartily invited Margie to share her home and her room free of any charge whatever. This Margie declined, and while assuring Sarah of her full appreciation of the offered kindness, she felt it would not do, for more reasons than one, to take up her abode in the Graham home. Many had taken note of John's partiality toward her, and she realized that her motives would be impugned and she would be misunderstood. Besides, while she appreciated John's manifest preference for her, and sincerely wished to retain his good will and good opinion, she did not wish to encourage him to believe she cared more for him than for many other friends. Indeed, she had persistently refused to analyze the sentiments of her heart, and to contemplate the future in respect to any feature involving the love of the opposite sex.

She went with an aching heart to confer with Dr. Dixon, to lay the matter before him in respect to the loss of her present home, and to advise with him in regard to the immediate futrue. She told him of her determination never to waver in her purpose for an education, and her desire to continue to the close of the present session. In order to do this she must borrow some money and asked him how she could secure a loan, stating her purpose to give the next year to work of some kind to enable her to repay the loan and possibly make enough to return the following year to school.

Dr. Dixon believed he divined the agency that had affected the changes in her plans. He told her to remain a day or two where she was, to keep her own counsel and he would see what could be done, to come to his office at the close of the school on the next day. The following night he presented the matter very pathetically to his wife, and asked her if she could give Margie a temporary home, and help her to tide over even the remainder of her present year in college. He assured his wife that Margie was a perfect

lady, the best, the brightest, the most industrious, the most promising young lady in school, ending with the popular phrase that was now a byword in college, "*Margie is pure gold.*"

Mrs. Dixon entered heartily into her husband's plans. She said, "We have a cook, but she can easily earn her board by being a respectable house girl, helping me in her spare hours with the varied and multitudinous affairs of the home, sweeping, dusting, mending, putting to rights the laundry when it comes in, gathering up and sending it out, and helping on extra occasions in the dining room. Yes, there is plenty to do, and if she is half as efficient as Mrs. Moore reports her to be, she won't owe us anything at the end of the session."

The following day Dr. Dixon said to her: "Now Margie, you pack your trunk, gather up all your things, and I will send for them tomorrow. Stay at Mrs. Moore's tonight, tell Mrs. Moore about it, bid her good-bye, and tomorrow you go to my house and we will simply transfer your service from Mrs. Moore to Mrs. Dixon."

Margie could not restrain the tears of gratitude, as she said: "Doctor, that is more than I could ask, far more than I could have dared to hope for. I will do my best to be worthy of your confidence, and to earn my board while I remain an inmate of your home."

The doctor had always admired her for her sweet disposition, her bright intellect, her untiring application to her studies, and her marvelous success in all her undertakings.

With tears mingled with joy and grief Margie told Mrs. Moore of her plans and arrangements. "If you ever need me, and I can be of service to you in any way, remember it will add greatly to my happiness if you will call on me for anything I can do."

Sarah Graham thought she understood the delicacy of Margie's feelings in declining to accept her invitation to share her home, but when she learned from Margie, her arrangements to live at Dr. Dixon's, she smiled with a knowing smile, and mentally repeated, "Out of the frying pan into the fire." For she knew of Tom Dixon's admiration for Margie, and thought it equaled that of her brother John.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Margie was duly installed as "house girl" in the president's home. It is needless to tell our readers who have known of her past efficiency, that she "made good." The only dissatisfaction with her position was the lightness of her labor, and the fewness of her calls to duty. She helped the cook with the dishes, she arranged everything in the dining room, asking the cook where each article belonged, suggested various improvements in the arrangements of various things belonging to that apartment. She also helped the cook to arrange tastefully the dishes and kitchen utensils, she tidied the rooms and arranged everything for the comfort and convenience of the family. She was at her studies earlier than she could get to them at Mrs. Moore's. She was happy in the change, though sorry for Mrs. Moore, whom she loved devotedly and by whom she was equally loved.

The doorbell rang and she hastened to attend the alarm. It was a note from Mrs. Moore to Mrs. Dixon, and also one for herself. As to Mrs. Dixon's note she never knew its contents further than the good lady said at the breakfast table next morning, "Well, Margie, I did not need any recommendation from Mrs. Moore regarding your efficiency, but she voluntarily sent a commendation of which any one might justly be proud." As to her own note it was full of love and best wishes, and in addition to the small balance due on her wages was the welcome gift of a ten-dollar note, saying, "I can never repay all I owe you."

Margie was cordially invited to a seat at the table with the family. She said, "Mrs. Dixon, can I not be of more service by waiting on the family and eating later?" Mrs. Dixon replied: "We have but little formality in our home life, and when we do not have extra company to be waited upon and attended to, we prefer you should occupy your place at the table. We will wait upon each other. If at any time I need your services to do anything for me, I will notify you."

This made her feel more at home, more like one of the family, and not a mere servant, inferior in every respect to those with whom she lived.

Tom, at all times, called into use his best manners, and treated Margie with exactly the same respect and courtesy that every one extended to her in the classroom.

John Graham's calls at the president's home became more frequent, and the constant exchange of visits between him and his chum, Tom Dixon, was very noticeable. John could rarely ever refuse an invitation to tea because he was sure of an opportunity to feast his eyes upon the lovely and interesting features of the girl whom he loved as no other. The boys often arranged to study together after tea, first at the president's home, and then at Mr. Graham's. Tom began to realize about as much interest in the music and company of Sarah Graham (who usually gave the boys a treat in song and instrumental music when study hours were over), as John did in the presence of Margie, who in turn sang and played for the boys at their call.

Ultimately this quartet began to hold regular meetings for practice, either Sarah or Margie at the instrument. Margie was the soprano, Sarah sang alto, Tom was the tenor, and John the bass. The music they made was not to be despised. President Dixon arranged for a musical entertainment for the town, and the principal features were the solos by Margie, the duets by Margie and Sarah, and the quartets by these boys and girls. The praise tendered them by an appreciative public was unstinted. Many were the envious remarks by some of the jealous critics who had neither the talent nor the persevering application of these happy and amiable aspirants for honors among their friends.

Allie and Lillian Moore were very grouchy. They realized that Sarah and Margie were monopolizing the time and attention of their former admirers, and believed themselves neglected and mistreated, that they were entitled to the undivided attention of these young men. Their claim was prior to that of Sarah and Margie. They laid their defeat to the musical attractions given by these

rivals in their homes. They hoped when school should close and the program should change back to the free vacation jaunts, calls, and amusements, that normal conditions would again prevail, and they would be as popular as ever. The boys very seldom visited the Moore home now, pleading the busy hours of study and the added duties the college had assigned them in the realm of music.

They little suspected that these amateur musicians were practicing and planning for a vacation tour of some neighboring towns, from which they expected to derive much pleasure and profit, both experimental and financial.

Once a week the professor of vocal culture from the college met with them at Dr. Dixon's and taught and practiced them in the songs they were expected to use in the summer tour they were contemplating. He assured them of his confidence in their ability to cope with, and even surpass, the average troups that passed through the country and cities.

Commencement came with its pleasures and sorrows, its triumphs and failures. Sarah, out of sheer sympathy for Margie, took their last year's outfits and had them changed to the present-day fashions, and dressed exactly alike, they again marched together, sat together, sang and looked and acted like twin sisters.

At Dr. Dixon's, Margie had more time for study, more time for her music, she had far more attention and much greater enjoyment than she had at Mrs. Moore's. Very few of the pupils now had the foolish hardihood to offer a slight to her since she had become an inmate of the president's home. She attended Sunday school and church with the doctor's family regularly, sat with them in church when she was not in the choir, was regarded now as a member of Dr. Dixon's family to all intents and purposes.

She was as kind and attentive to Mrs. Dixon and her home as she had been to Mrs. Moore. She readily won her way to the heart of this estimable lady, who was ready to say with all who knew her, "*Margie is pure gold.*" Whenever opportunity afforded

her a chance, and she could do so without coming in contact in the home with the young ladies, she visited and comforted Mrs. Moore. She never forgot her motherly care and kindness, and with deep gratitude she recalled the unfortunate circumstances by which she was introduced into her home when she knew not which way to turn. Almost invariably she was asked on these flying visits to sing for Mrs. Moore, who never forgot that it was largely through the sweet gospel in song that Margie had led her to Jesus. She usually called for some one of the old hymns that Margie used to sing when busy about her duties in the dining room, kitchen or the house. No music was to her quite so sweet as the dear old hymns full of hopes and peace of the blessed gospel. She loved especially the hymn, " 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus," and "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."

Margie always felt refreshed and strengthened after one of these visits. Mrs. Moore looked forward to her coming with an anxiety bordering on motherly childishness. She would sometimes find time to call on Mrs.

Dixon, and yet every one knew the principal object of her visit was to see Margie and have a few confidential moments with her.

Vacation is on again. Commencement, with all of its hopes and fears, is past, and is now history. Margie, Sarah, John, Tom, Allie and Lillian are now honored Juniors looking forward to laurels to be won on the new fields of study in another year.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

John Graham had his seven-passenger touring car and had arranged for a concert to be held at the neighboring town of Sellville, about ten miles distant. Dr. and Mrs. Dixon were invited to go with these amateur singers on the initial trip, also Prof. Schuman, teacher of instrumental and vocal music in the college. From Sellville they were to go to Sempletown, and then on, having a musical concert about each alternate night for a two weeks' tour. Their coming was announced in the local papers, and it being vacation time, delightful weather, and the people somewhat at leisure, the concerts were well attended. The young people were winning laurels from the very beginning. Prof. Schuman and Dr. Dixon were proud of the representatives of their college. They were glad to say after their successful performances that these were just ready to enter the Junior class in college. They were not the finished product.

Margie being the soprano was nearly always on duty. She sang duets with each one of the company. They all sang together and often Margie sang solos. That wonderful poise, nonexcitable nature, cool, deliberate manner stood her well in hand on all these occasions. She seemed never to tire, but enjoyed every performance with a zest that was marvelous to her companions and incomprehensible to the hearers. They were careful not to repeat too much in contiguous communities, having at command sufficient material to run about three nights. This was well, for as their popularity grew the individuals hearing one night were inclined to follow on to the next and even the third night, but then so frequently they were called upon to repeat songs that had caught the popular ear on the previous night, that they really never lacked for material, nor for varied entertainment for their hearers.

They decided before starting that they would be satisfied if the first trip paid expenses and secured for them future engagements.

Tom Dixon was unanimously elected treasurer, and he appointed his father, Dr. Dixon, to look after the receipts, as they wanted the presence, direction and encouragement of Prof. Schuman behind the scenes. Tom paid all the bills, bought the gasoline, settled with the hotels and for the rent of the halls and so forth. He kept accurate account of each day's receipts and expenditures, but refused to give any statement as to the condition of the treasury further than to state they were meeting expenses. He said he would render his account when he returned home.

On Monday night of the second week, the manager of a grand opera company from one of the large cities, attracted by the published program in the local papers of the town in which he happened to stop, attended and listened with great enjoyment to the performance. He complimented the entire troupe but sought an interview with Margie, and revealed to her that she had a voice of great volume and compass, and yet rich and of unusual clearness and sweetness. Dr. Dixon begged him not to make any offer to

her, that she was only a school girl and must not be enticed away from her studies. The manager of this company said: "I understand, and while I would be willing to pay her a reasonable salary, I would at the same time place her under the tuition of competent teachers which in time would make her a marvel in the musical world."

Such manifest appreciation would have turned the head of an ordinary nineteen-year-old-girl with a lighter brain, but in Margie's case it only served to enkindle within her a new ardor and enthusiasm, the fixed determination to reach the highest possible goal; not failing to realize that the course she had mapped out for herself must necessarily involve years of unremitting toil, painstaking study and continual sacrifice, as well as the constant curbing of her youthful ambitious, exuberant nature.

She lay awake at night and thought it all over with a radiant hope, and a wordless joy, yet in her inmost soul was the dominant desire to be useful in the world, to serve and bring happiness to others.

The first tour ended in ten days, having met seven engagements, and sung in two churches on Sunday, one in the morning, the other in the evening.

The party reached home on Friday evening. They were to meet on Monday evening and hear the report of the treasurer, and sum up the results of the trip. Tom Dixon called attention to the fact that they had with them his parents and Prof. Schuman, who were not members of the troupe. They would gladly meet all their expenses, and offer them sincere thanks for their company, encouragement and suggestions; but from the first it was understood they were not to share in the spoils, nor to be held responsible for any losses.

Tom called attention to the fact that at the end of the second engagement they had not yet struck even, owing to the expense of printing and posting and distributing the bills and posters, but the final balance showed a net gain of $117.95. John moved (as he and Tom had agreed) that each member of the company should have twenty-five dollars, that ten dollars should be given

Prof. Schuman and that $7.95 remain in the treasury. This was heartily and unanimously agreed to.

The agreement was made to rest and recuperate for one week, while the boys would go in the automobile and make engagements for another tour. This they did with a zest belonging only to buoyant, enthusiastic youths in their teens. They took Prof. Schuman along as manager on the second tour, with the agreement that he should share equally with the members. They wanted some new and popular pieces, and these the professor taught them from day to day.

The second tour was less expensive and more profitable. When they had carefully examined the balance sheet they had one hundred and fifty dollars to be divided and more than thirty dollars in the treasury. Vacation was hardly half gone, but Dr. Dixon and Prof. Schuman advised them to take at least two weeks' rest, and only attempt one more tour during the summer. To this they all agreed.

The young ladies were busy with the dressmakers, and arranging for the final tour of the "Rosedale Amateur Singers," as they styled themselves.

In the meantime the boys, out of sheer sympathy for the Misses Moore, called and arranged for an auto trip, as a treat to the young ladies. According to the true proverb, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life." Allie and Lillian had not lacked for attention, but the choice scions of the two most prominent families were absent, and were daily associated with their dreaded rivals. Now they had returned and their hearts thrilled with the raptured hope of mutual affection being renewed and intensified.

The young men discoursed principally of the troupe and the trip. The young ladies grew tired of the one theme, sought continually to change the conversation to subjects more congenial to them. The brief spin was soon over and the young ladies had not succeeded in drawing their beaux into conversations either sentimental or strictly personal. They were disappointed and yet feverishly

hopeful that this was the beginning of the renewal of constant attention.

The singers were engaged almost constantly in practice, and in planning for the final tour before vacation with its opportunities should be gone.

Lillian Moore was flirting with a young man who had recently come to the town as a new telegraph operator. His name was Simmons. Her sole object in doing this was to try to make John Graham jealous, and lead him back to his former devotion. The ruse was a dismal failure. John assumed that it was not his place to interfere in the case. He certainly had no serious intentions himself, and was now released from even polite attention to this proud, selfish, designing girl. One of Simmons' chums became a regular visitor to Miss Allie, so Tom and John went on their way rejoicing.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The final tour of the "Rosedale Amateur Singers" was made. They added new laurels to their former reputation, were even more successful in every respect than on former occasions. They counted their gains, the profits above all expenses, and found that three trips had cleared them a little more than $400.00. They had a general jollification at Dr. Dixon's, told their jokes, rehearsed the mishaps and happy incidents of the summer's experiments.

According to previous arrangement, Tom Dixon made a speech in which he said: "After all, Miss Freeman was the recognized star of the troupe, to her superior talent and genius we owe our marvelous success, to her sunny disposition and unselfish generosity we owe the true enjoyment of our most delightful vacation; therefore, I move that this troupe give Miss Margie a vote of thanks as a recognition of her superior talent, and that we also vote her the net proceeds of the sum-

mer's work. Of course, after Prof. Schuman had been paid." "Nay, verily," said Prof. Schuman, "you can not be more generous than I am; besides, I have been amply paid." Every one said, "Second the motion."

Margie blushed, then the tears could not be restrained. With her face bathed in tears and smiles she attempted to thank her companions for their unexpected generosity. She said: "My dearest friends, I don't deserve it. I surely never expected anything so generous as this action on your part. If we had not made a cent of money, I yet would have been amply repaid for all I have done; the sweet fellowship of such companions, the ecstasy of the music, the rich enjoyment of the novel experiences, each of itself would have been ample remuneration without this unexpected token of your undeserved but highly appreciated love."

Dr. Dixon said: "Now, Margie, they are happy in bestowing this gift. They know the Savior's words are true, wherein he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive;' they are happier over the transaction than

you are. It is all right and perfectly proper. None of them needs it, and it means a great deal to you."

Margie stepped to the piano, ran her nimble fingers over the keyboard, then suddenly striking the tune which she had so often sung with deep gratitude, she sang with her heart and soul:

"In some way or other, the Lord will provide,
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way;
Yet in his own way the Lord will provide."

Then the quartet sang one of the favorite songs, and dispersed for the evening, with the full realization that serious work and great responsibilities rested upon each of them. The laborious duties of daily lessons, the monotony of the constant grind for another ten months must be endured.

The novel vacation had been greatly enjoyed, and it had proven to each of them a real recreation. It was work, but a change from the routine work in the college; then the social feature had been one constant enjoyment to each one; the experience before the

public had been also quite an education in itself.

They were already dreaming of more extended tours, more elaborate programs, greater achievements, richer laurels and greater remuneration when vacation time should come again.

Margie in her open, free manner and exuberant spirit in the presence of Mr. Dixon's family said, "Well, Doctor, I feel almost as I imagine an heiress feels. The idea of having a bank account of my own to draw upon at pleasure—think of it. Four hundred dollars, all my own. My! but wasn't it grand of Sarah and the boys to give it all to me. I never dreamed of such generosity. When Tom read his report and I found there was one hundred dollars to my part, it almost took my breath. I began to feel that I could meet some of the demands upon me in a modest way, but when in that generous spirit the unanimous vote multiplied it by four, that is, gave us a demonstration of quadruplication, it seemed entirely too good to be true. I shall never forget the generous action of our noble quartet. Though I feel

that I do not deserve it, that does not in the least detract from my hearty appreciation of this most generous gift. These noblest of boys did most all the work, the planning and everything. We of the 'weaker sex' had little to do but fall in with their plans and fill the places already prepared for us. Now, Doctor, I want to ask one question. Did you suggest it to them?"

"No, indeed," replied the Doctor. "I never heard, never even thought of it, until Tom came this afternoon, told me, to my great surprise, that they had cleared four hundred dollars and wanted to donate it all to you. He said they had talked over the matter among themselves and were anxious for you to have the entire proceeds, but had unanimously agreed to refer the matter to my judgment, and leave it to my decision. It was not a hard matter for me to decide. We all knew you needed it, and would use it wisely and judiciously, and we knew they did not need it. I rejoiced in your good fortune, but I think I rejoiced equally as much to find such a generous, loving spirit in these young people."

"Now, Doctor, that brings me under additional obligations to you. I fear I shall never be able to pay all my debts of gratitude to God and the kind friends he has raised up for me. Now I want to do right in all things. Ever since my first earnings, when Mrs. Moore began to pay me wages, I have scrupulously put one-tenth into the Lord's treasury. One cent out of every dime of my earnings was given week after week. Now this is not my earnings, at least not all of it, would it be right for me to tithe this gift and put, just think of it, forty dollars into the Lord's work? You know next Sunday a special appeal is to be made in our church, to pay the salary of a foreign missionary. I had intended to put one-tenth of my summer's earnings into this fund, but somehow I can scarcely feel as if all this was really mine." "Certainly," replied the Doctor, with a glow of satisfaction that he did not attempt to conceal, "I think it right; it is noble, it is practical Christianity, and I am sure that with such a gift of love from you, we shall not fail in our effort on next Sunday."

During the week, Tom Dixon, treasurer of the "Rosedale Amateur Singers," secured a bank book in the name of Margie Freeman, who gave her signature to the bank and immediately drew her check for forty dollars. This the obliging cashier received and handed her four crisp, new, unrumpled ten-dollar bills. After her departure the cashier of the bank smiled and said, "Her bank account won't last long." This money she carried home, transferred it to her special collection envelope, and laid it in her trunk for the coming Sunday.

The pastor, after an excellent sermon on missions and the burning exhortation to the redeemed of the Lord to remember they were God's stewards and must give an account of their stewardship, called for voluntary contributions. Quite a number of opulent members, and men with princely salaries, responded, and the giving was somewhat hilarious. Margie was in the choir. She held her envelope in her hand, waiting for an opportunity to give it quietly.

The pastor said: "Now we will gather up the fragments. Let the baskets be passed,

and after all is counted, if we lack anything I am sure this generous people will make up all we ask."

There were others who wanted to give without any seeming publicity of their gifts. When the collection and the subscriptions were all counted they found that they had more than eight hundred dollars. The pastor at night, with a joyful heart and happy smile announced the result of the morning collection. He proposed to the congregation that in addition to paying the salary of a missionary on the field, they also pay one hundred dollars as the salary of a native Bible woman, and send one hundred dollars to the Board for the general fund for Foreign Missions. This they heartily agreed to do. Then the pastor announced that there were numerous, generous gifts, but one gift in the collection, the largest in the morning offering was forty dollars. Margie's face grew red, and yet it shone with the happiness of an unspeakable gratitude. She could almost hear the Savior say, "She hath done what she could."

CHAPTER TWENTY

No session of the college had ever opened with larger attendance, more enthusiasm or brighter prospects. Soon the pupils were settled down to the daily toil and everything seemed to be working nicely.

Lillian and Allie Moore were evidently unhappy. They utterly failed in their manifest attempts to reinstate themselves with Tom and John. They were raspy and irritable. They were not making their usual standing in their studies. Their new beaux took them to the movies about three times a week. Pleasure, society, dissipation of their time and opportunities were telling upon their lack of progress in college work. Especially was this noticeable in Lillian, who in a measure seemed to grow more reckless day by day. All these things doubtless contributed largely to her foolish decision, when Simmons asked her to marry him. She well knew that her parents' consent would not be given. In the first place, Simmons barely

made enough in his position to exist upon and to indulge modestly in the usual society dissipations. He had heard of the possessions of Mr. Moore, his strict and economic living, and knew somewhere in the future there would be a division of a snug little fortune between his two daughters. Then, if he could secure this end, it would furnish him a good home for the present, and would enable him to save a large per cent of his salary.

She was ashamed to think that she, a mere school girl, not half educated, could listen to a proposal of marriage from a man who was almost a total stranger. How much the desire for notoriety, and the hope of revenge by disappointing her former company, had to do with her inconsiderate act will never be known.

At any rate a newspaper sensation thrilled the hearts of her schoolmates, and broke the heart of her mother when it was announced that Jack Simmons and Lillian Moore had eloped and were married.

Allie Moore, for a time, seemed to lose interest in her studies, and her standing in the

class was depreciating every day. Soon after the episode of her younger sister, of which she was heartily ashamed, she seemed to pull herself together, to rally her dissipated energies, to drop her foolishness and to apply herself with renewed vigor to her work. She soon recovered her position in school, and as she was purposely reticent about her sister's marriage, others compassionately refrained from mentioning it in her presence. So normal conditions seemed to establish themselves between her and her schoolmates. She also became more attentive to and considerate of her mother, trying by many little kindly meant actions to bring comfort to her troubled heart, and to relieve her disappointment in her wayward child.

Suffice it to say, that, as in most cases of similar marriages, the bonds became unbearable and Simmons left his bride of a few months, when the company transferred him to another station, he promising, however, to send for her as soon as he could arrange to care for her; and Lillian in worse than widowhood was left to repent of her untimely folly.

We now turn to our special friends, who were industriously pursuing their studies in college, and meeting each week at Dr. Dixon's or Mr. Graham's to practice music for the church, the college, and an occasional concert in the town. If they were not happy, then their sunny dispositions, their beaming faces and happy voices were not a true index to their feelings.

Everything in college, in the varied interests of the quartet, in Dr. Dixon's home seemed to be moving along at an even, placid pace. Margie was keeping up all her studies with astonishing accuracy and unflagging interest. She had lost no interest in her music, vocal and instrumental. Her daily practice and her manifest improvement were a continual source of joy and gratification to Prof. Schuman.

Sarah Graham strove to keep up with Margie in her musical career, but was content to recognize her inferiority, both in touch and in her gifts and compass of voice. There was no jealousy in the thought that Margie had no equal in college in very many things. To Sarah she was simply incom-

parable; often she said, "*Margie is pure gold.*"

The daily routine was moving on with uninterrupted regularity, when an unexpected event thrust itself upon our friends. Mrs. Dixon was taken suddenly and seriously ill. The physician announced she must have the closest attention, the utmost quiet and most careful nursing. Dr. Dixon sent far and near in quest of a competent trained nurse, but all efforts seemed in vain. Margie volunteered her services, and watched with the fidelity and love of a devoted daughter, hoping day after day that they would succeed in securing a more competent nurse than it was possible for her to be. The doctor, with his constant attention, and explicit instruction to his little volunteer helper, announced that everything was progressing satisfactorily.

For a time he greatly feared the case was one of typhoid fever, but several of the usual symptoms of that dreaded disease were not manifest, and it only proved to be a stubborn case of malarial fever, with some com-

plications, incident to her debilitated condition.

Day by day Margie watched beside this true and noble friend, and night after night slept near her to attend to her frequent calls for medicine and all needed attention.

Sarah called every afternoon to inquire after the invalid and to furnish Margie with the assigned lessons of the following day. With all her added burdens and unusual duties she was practically keeping up all her studies in college, except her loved music. Occasionally Sarah relieved her of an afternoon, for a brief season, to allow her a little rest and recreation, which was most frequently devoted to a little practice in music at the college under the direction of Prof. Schuman.

After some three weeks of anxiety, the invalid showed decided improvement, and the genial smiles of hopeful, grateful peace were seen on every countenance in the Dixon home. Margie was urged by the grateful physician to take all the rest she possibly could, now that she could be spared from the bedside of his patient. Dr. Dixon insisted

that she remain for at least one week out of school, and to seek absolute rest, jocularly telling her she had lost the roses out of her cheeks and glad smiles from her sunny face.

She pleaded with him for permission to take her accustomed place in her clases, assuring him that during these weeks of confinement as she watched beside this motherly woman, who had been such a true friend to her in the time of need, each day she had studied every lesson that had been assigned to her class; and now, with release from the sick room, with the greatly diminished care of the rapidly recuperating convalescent, she would soon regain her roses and that the smiles of happiness were already upon her face. The good doctor was greatly astonished at the marvelous energy and endurance of the little lady. She carried her point and resumed her work in school to the delight of all the teachers and most of the pupils. Prof. Schuman told her he had sadly missed her helpful voice at the chapel exercises morning by morning.

Mrs. Dixon told her husband that no daughter could have been more attentive, or

efficient, or kinder than Margie had been during her illness, and that in some way they must prove their appreciation of her faithful services. They were greatly puzzled to know what to do, or what kind of a present would be acceptable, for Margie's bank account was almost intact yet, save for the tithe she had given the church. They decided to wait and watch, hoping some fortunate event would direct them to the proper course and appropriate gift expressing their love and appreciation.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The junior year in college was one of great interest and of true enjoyment. Our quartet was recognized, even by the seniors, as being the real leaders in the college in most things. They were the choir leaders in church music, they led all the music in college, they occasionally gave musical concerts in town; once during the session they were invited to a neighboring town for an evening concert. Complimented wherever and whenever they came before the public, yet no class in this school had ever surpassed them in efficiency and thoroughness in their studies.

Notwithstanding this wonderful popularity, and all these unusual honors, they were not puffed up with silly pride and self-importance. This was largely accounted for in the fact that there was perfect harmony in all their plans; and while they were supremely happy in their mutual love and confidence each in the other, there was no room

in their hearts and lives for jealousy among themselves, nor for envy or hatred toward their fellow students.

The entire program of the year's course demanded constant, diligent application of their mental powers and judicious employment of all their time. They had a reputation to sustain, and the junior class was determined that the reputation already attained should not suffer in the present or future from any fault of theirs. Margie, whose influence was exceedingly salutary, was a real inspiration in the class. Her wisdom was often manifest in crucial exigencies arising among the members. She suggested a class meeting to consider the interests and efficiency of the class. There were some laggards, slackers, members whose ambitions needed to be aroused, who needed to be provoked to greater diligence in study, and more guarded action in deportment. She communicated her plans and ideas to Tom Dixon, who was the spokesman for the class. The professors were delighted and amazed at the improvement seen in many who had not been so efficient in class work. These

meetings were held weekly for about thirty minutes, difficulties were discussed and usually removed by suggestions, instruction and mutual assistance.

In one of these meetings Margie modestly called attention to a reproof one member of the class had received on account of some thoughtless conduct. She said kindly, and in a manner that left no room for offense: "I was greatly pained to think one of our juniors should have to be reproved openly in school. Let us all guard our actions, and help each other, that nothing may occur to mar the happiness of our class, or to bring reproach on our fair name and honor." If any member of the class seemed to need help it was gladly offered and received outside the classroom. There was no coaching nor cheating in the recitations or examinations.

It was tacitly understood, and complacently accepted by Tom and John, that nowhere, in school, in practice for the singing, nor at the concerts was there to be any love-making, at least in words. In spite of any laws, regulations or understandings there

were four pairs of eyes that looked and smiled love each day and hour, but they were to wait until diplomas should be earned and received before any avowals would be in order. The reader can easily conjecture the condition of the hearts and the joyous aspirations of our young friends; but this is not simply a love story for the entertainment of the romantic, nor for the gratification of literary dyspeptics, who have gormandized on exciting novels of improbable stories, seasoned with the usual condiments of blood and thunder, filth and faleshood, until they have no relish for literary food which is calculated to build up mentally and morally a manhood and womanhood that shall prove to be a benediction to state and church in the coming generations. If you will pardon the unusual, and perhaps the injudicious, statement of the writer, the object of this story is to inspire ambition in the humblest, to hearten the discouraged, and show to each and all the possibility of attaining success, usefulness and happiness in life. The pathway may be rugged and rocky, but it leads to the goal and is worthy of immortal beings.

The days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, and the school year was again nearing its close. Margie had guarded her little bank account with jealous care, planning, after one or two engagements for the early summer had been filled, to spend the remainder of her vacation in the noted college of music, hoping thereby to be greatly benefited and better prepared for a great musical career when college days should be over.

She had never fully recovered from the extra strain of waiting upon Mrs. Dixon, and keeping up her college work, yet her youthful vitality, her almost unconquerable ambition had served to bring her to the close of the session.

The closing exercise of the Commencement was the usual musical entertainment given the graduating class by the "Rosedale Amateur Singers."

Immediately after the college commencement, they gave a concert in the town. The following week they went to a neighboring town for a special entertainment. They succeeded in both these to the perfect satisfaction of the hearers, but Sarah had to take

two songs announced on the program for Margie, and they substituted a duet by Tom and Sarah for a quartet they had at the close of the entertainment. This was on account of a raging headache from which Margie was suffering intensely. After the close of the concert, they motored home some twenty miles. Upon arrival Margie retired at once, and was reported by Tom as being worn out, and suffering with a nervous headache. Mrs. Dixon at once went to her room, bathed her head, ministered to her in every way that love, gratitude and motherly interest could suggest. The morning came and Margie had not slept. The family physician was promptly summoned, the same who had attended upon Mrs. Dixon when Margie was the nurse. He looked grave and felt very uneasy. He told Dr. Dixon that it was essential to keep her as quiet as possible, to allow no extra company, darken the room, and in case of any change to call him at once. He told them that she was seriously threatened with brain fever. She had overtaxed her strength, and must be watched and carefully tended. He was loath to give her an

opiate, but if she did not get relief, which could only come through sleep, he would be compelled to give her a sleeping potion. The doctor called again but the patient had not improved. He gave her a small dose of morphine, under the influence of which she slept for nearly two hours, but was restless and nervous. She awoke fearfully nauseated.

Sarah Graham came to inquire after her chum, and was greatly distressed at her condition.

The doctor, knowing the intimacy of the two girls, concluded that it would not be wise to refuse her admission to the sick chamber. Accordingly she was permitted to come and go and to be near her, but she was enjoined to do but little talking, and to allow the patient the most perfect quiet possible. All the local students were anxiously inquiring about the sick girl, for Margie had won her way to all their hearts, and no one was ashamed now to acknowledge the acquaintance of the most popular girl in town.

John Graham, almost beside himself with deep, inexpressible anxiety, was glad that his sister had access to her room, and he

could hear from her regularly. Each day he furnished her center table with the rarest, sweetest flowers obtainable in the town. This was to him some pleasure at least.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Many hearts beat with inexpressible anxiety for the recovery of our little heroine. Many prayers were offered for her recovery, her restoration to them in health and strength. Mrs. Dixon was to her a real mother and Sarah was a sister indeed.

After a few days the fever abated, but the patient was extremely weak. With careful nursing and nourishing diet the strength began slowly to return.

Dr. and Mrs. Dixon began at once to plan for an outing for the precious child. Quietly and secretly they planned to give Margie a surprise, as soon as she should regain sufficient strength for a trip. They talked the matter over and decided to go to the Springs for a few weeks. The change of surroundings, the water, the associations would all be helpful. For a few days they helped her into the automobile each afternoon, gave her a nice airing, were careful not to overdo the thing, not to exhaust her strength nor to

worry her in any way. Her gain from day to day was very noticeable, and soon they were ready for the trip. Mrs. Dixon said: "Now, Margie, there is to be no worrying about expenses or anything on that line. Dr. Dixon and I are going to give you this trip as a treat, a token of our love and gratitude. You are not to be out one cent. An invalid will need but few clothes, and we are not going this time to be seen, we are going for your health and enjoyment."

The entire party, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Dixon, Sarah, John, and Tom, they were all bent on one thing, namely, to do everything in their power for the benefit and happiness of the invalid. Margie said: "You are all spoiling me, I never had so much petting. I just know there will be no possibility of living where I am after all this loving attention."

John Graham was supremely happy, as he was permitted daily to act as chauffeur for the party, and to look into the face of the dearest girl on earth. Occasionally he had the exquisite pleasure of handing her in and out of the machine, and was always doubly

repaid for any attention by the bestowal of a sweet smile and a low, thrilling, "Thank you." Every day he brought flowers for her room, and a bouquet for her and his sister to wear when they went out for their evening "spin." John felt like there could be no earthly happiness comparable to the joy of serving her, and receiving her thanks and smiles of love.

While he did not attempt to conceal the sentiments of his heart, he dared not express to her in words that were constantly struggling to burst from his pent-up soul, the longings of his inmost being. He knew she loved him, and he adored her with an honorable, manly love, of which any woman might be proud. Understanding each other as they did, they were happy in the quiet exchange of sentiments expressed in affectionate glances, and smiles and in little acts unnoticed by others. They each looked forward to the slow dragging of one more year of college life, when they should be free to tell each other the burning love that throbbed constantly in their buoyant hearts.

Margie's improvement was rapid, and soon she was able to walk, and swing, and enjoy all the usual entertainments of the unique little village. The people insisted on an entertainment from the singers, but Dr. Dixon said, no; they were there for the health of this young lady, and he could not consent to any taxing of her strength. However, he consented for them to sing one or two songs each evening for the pleasure of the guests, a kind of free, informal entertainment in the hotel parlor. This only served to whet their desires for more, but the doctor's orders had to be obeyed.

Three weeks of comparative quiet, rest and social enjoyment had been keenly appreciated by the entire party; and its highly beneficial effects were very marked in the case of Margie. Her natural buoyancy of spirit, activity of mind and physical vivacity were apparent in every movement, and all were happy in the rich blessings of the present and the hopeful happiness promised by the future.

They promised to return in two weeks, and give a musical concert for the entertain-

ment of the town, and for the gratification of the many new friends whom they had made during their stay at the springs.

Dr. Dixon had spent much of his time in advertising the college over which he presided, and felt amply repaid in the prospect of several new students for the coming session. The main point, the direct effect of the visit, namely, the recovery of the health and happy spirit of the girl upon whom all doted with a special and peculiar interest, was a perfect success. The many other results of the visit were minor considerations, and, while appreciated and rejoiced in, were scarcely considered of sufficient importance to enter in the calculation, as assets in the humane and loving efforts of the party.

They all returned home delighted with their visit and its results and especially delighted with each other.

Margie was inexpressibly happy. The return of her health, the normal condition of body and mind, the riches of love and friendship by which she was surrounded, brought constantly to her mind many familiar passages of Scripture, the expressions of the

deep, rich, personal experiences of God's children, for deliverances and blessings from the divine hand. As she sat in quiet meditation, or moved about attending to varied duties in her loved home, she mentally repeated, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications." "I was brought low and he helped me." "I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being." "Lo, I am with thee alway."

With overflowing happiness, and with a soul divinely touched, and the compassionate spirit of the Master, she sought an interterview with Lillian Simmons. Her heart went out to her in deep sympathy for her

blighted life, and she resolved to comfort her and to seek in some Christ-like way to benefit her. After earnest prayer to God for divine direction she went on this mission of mercy.

After an affectionate greeting and a brief visit with Mrs. Moore, she asked for Lillian. Mrs. Moore said: "Poor girl, she seems so downcast, so dejected and listless, that really her mental condition is undermining her health. She feels as if there was nothing for her to live for, she voluntarily cuts herself off from all company; shuts herself up in her room when she can't find any employment in the kitchen and dining room. She imagines that no one cares for her, or even respects her now. She surely is paying dearly for her folly."

Margie sought her in her room. She received the visitor with a reserved, cold, formal politeness that chilled her soul and made her fear her well-meant errand and heartfelt sympathy would prove a dismal failure. Lillian's demeanor put her on her guard, and she hesitated to make advancement or in any way suggest a topic that might

lead Lillian to refer to herself in such a way as to give her opportunity to offer a remedy for her loneliness, or arouse her to action in her own behalf. She told her in a quite unostentatious manner of her visit to the Springs, of the delightful rest and the great benefit she had derived from it. She amused her and really interested her in some of the noted characters she met. She insisted on Lillian visiting her, and finally convinced the poor girl of the sincerity of her friendship, and her effort to bring sunshine and hope into her life. On leaving Lillian said: "Margie, after my silly and unladylike treatment of you, you are the last one from whom I could have expected sympathy and kindness. Surely this is something of that spirit of which I have been reading recently in my long neglected Bible. I have been wondering how its teachings could ever be practiced, and was really skeptical as to the possibility of any human being living up to its requirements. You remember Jesus said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and perse-

cute you.' Mother has come nearer to its fulfillment than any one I ever knew. I was so disobedient, disrespectful, wilful, ungrateful, deceived her, ran away, disgraced her and the whole family as well as myself, and yet mother has been so sympathetic, so forgiving and kind that it makes my punishment even harder to bear. Now, Margie, forgive and forget the past and come to see me. My life is ruined, but I feel now that you can help me, and maybe teach me something of that beautiful charity that I once so despised, and which you have practiced ever since I knew you."

By this time both the girls were weeping. Margie with the glad thankfulness of the prospect of winning the other, not simply from her melancholia and sensitive seclusion, but of winning her for Christ, and bringing sunshine and happiness into her darkened life. Lillian because of a sympathy and sincere interest, which she knew were undeserved, and for which she had not dared to hope.

Margie affectionately embraced her and promised to come again real soon to see her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Margie at once attempted to interest Sarah Graham in the laudable effort to drive back the darkening clouds from the pathway of Lillian's life. To this Sarah rather reluctantly assented. We must say it was for Margie's sake more than for Lillian's. Sarah thought Margie could do no wrong, and while she cherished no ill feeling towards Lillian, she had no special interest in her welfare.

About three days later this fair pair on mercy bent called at Mr. Moore's with John's auto, and asked Lillian to go with them for a ride. Lillian hesitated, but she knew it was the result of Margie's interest, and so after a brief hesitation and with the assurance they would not make any calls, she consented to go. Sarah drove the machine and Margie and Lillian sat on the rear seat together in animated conversation. Without any manifest attempt to win the sad girl from her seclusion, she sought dili-

gently and wisely to arouse her interest in the surroundings and possibilities of their lives. She talked of their concerts, of the college, of the young people who had gone out from the school, of the teachers and students. Sometimes Lillian seemed to forget that these things had gone out of her life and that, as she had so often told herself in the past year, she was dead to all of these things. She felt, however, that Margie and Sarah had come back and re-entered her lonely life, bringing with them glad sunshine and good cheer. She did not even attempt to fathom their motives or analyze her own feelings, much less to attempt to map out the future of her own course.

With a hasty good-bye, after the extended ride, they left Lillian at her own gate. She watched them with longing eyes as they slowly motored down the street toward their own homes.

Margie had been laying plans during her ride with Lillian for a great conquest which involved two special things in regard to Lillian. She must lead her to Christ, and then reclaim her from her life as a recluse to one

of active, earnest service for God and his glory. As they returned homeward she said, "Sarah, I want us to invite Lillian to go with us next week to our concert down to the Springs. It would do her good, if we can prevail upon her to go. I will be responsible for everything, for her board and any extras her going might cause. She needs it so badly. It would mean so much to her. It might break the shell of her acquired indifference, her shrinking from mingling again in society. Everybody except our party would be strangers to her, and it seems to me we might in this way lay at least the foundation for her reclamation." Sarah consented to the arrangement, and Margie set about planning for the conquest and the victory, with the same earnestness and diligence which characterized all her schemes and efforts in life.

The following afternoon she called to see Lillian. After an extended and animated description of the contemplated program she found Lillian deeply interested in the proposed concert. She exclaimed, "How lovely; how could you think of all the ar-

rangement and the splendidly unique details?" "Oh, well," said Margie, "that is the result of the combined wisdom of our superb quartet. Don't give me credit for the whole thing." "Oh, how I should love to see and hear it all," said Lillian.

"Well, why not?" replied her happy companion. "There will be ample room in the machine for six, and only one quartet and Prof. Schuman are going, and I am sure I can arrange for you to go, and we will be so glad to have you."

"Oh, but I couldn't," replied Lillian. "I have not bought a dress or hat in a year, did not want anything, have not been anywhere. No, I could not go, and yet what a treat it would be."

"I know you have plenty of clothes; as to a hat there is ample time to get that, and everything can be arranged, if you will consent to go. I will help you get ready," said her fair visitor.

"It seems too good to be true," said Lillian, "but I will think about it and let you know tomorrow. Now, I want you to go down into the parlor and sing for me. It has

been so long since I heard your sweet voice, and I am just hungry for some music."

Margie gladly complied, but asked Lillian what she must sing. "Sing some of the sweet songs you used to sing for mother," said the girl. "But wait a moment until I call mother; she would be so disappointed if she missed such a treat."

Margie seated herself at the piano, and she thought without any bitterness, of the time when she would not have been welcome to the use of the instrument. The mother said: "Margie, sing that song I used to love so much. I sing it every day, but cannot sing it as you do. I mean that one about trusting Jesus." She ran her nimble fingers over the keys, and then in a sweet, low voice, with a heart throbbing with love and lifted in prayer, she sang:

"'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word;
Just to rest upon his promise;
Just to know, 'Thus saith the Lord'."

Mrs. Moore could not refrain from joining in the song. Lillian was greatly moved, and earnestly prayed in her inmost soul that

she might learn thus to trust Jesus and have this sweet fellowship in her lonely heart and life.

When Margie reached the third stanza, she seemed to tremble with deepest feeling and suppressed anxiety as she sang:

"Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace."

Lillian could no longer refrain from weeping, and the tears flowed silently down her cheeks as she listened with astonishment to the words which now seemed a direct message to her soul. After some other songs Margie bade them both good-bye. She told Mrs. Moore of her desire to take Lillian with her the following week to the concert. Mrs. Moore readily assented and said Lillian ought to go. She would help her to get ready. Lillian said, "I will come up tomorrow and tell you my decision in the matter."

After her departure, and mother and daughter were left alone, they seemed to get together in a nearness and sympathy that

they had not felt in many long months. Mrs. Moore urged her daughter to go. She said, "You have plenty of suitable clothing, and we can buy you a nice summer hat and you can go along quietly, and enjoy the outing and the music. They will be gone only one night."

Lillian said, "I should love to go, but I am afraid it would be embarrassing, both to me and to the young men." "There is no reason why it should be," said the mother. "You have all known each other from childhood, all know you are married, and there is no room for misunderstanding or criticism."

After a moment's hesitation, she said: "I will go. I'll see Margie tomorrow, thank her for her undeserved kindness and accept her invitation, but Margie must not pay my expenses. Can you give me money for that? You know, Jack has not sent me any money since he went away."

"That is all right. I will gladly furnish the expense money," replied Mrs. Moore.

Thus the matter was happily arranged, and though there was a shrinking from the

ordeal by our young friend, yet she was happy in the thought that she could live through it, and she somehow felt it was to be a turning point in her life, that would mean a great deal to her in the future.

She was more hopeful and really happier than she had been in a long time. But her happiness was of short duration. She was deeply impressed by the lessons of the day, and in her heart was the constant reverberation of Margie's song: "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus."

At night she went to her room. Allie had gone out with company. She sat and pondered over matters. She thought of her lonely condition, tied for life to a man who evidently did not love her, who had tired of her in a few months, who had gone with a promise to send for her as soon as he got settled in his new position, who had not even written to her, who ignored all her appeals, and left her pleading letters all unanswered.

She knelt and, for the first time since the years of childhood, tried to pray. How long she wept and pleaded she never knew, but with an aching heart, and with bitter, un-

forgiving feelings towards the man who had blighted her life, she threw herself upon the bed to toss and weep and think of her desolate condition. She thought with a bitterness inexpressible of her senseless folly in thoughtlessly entering into marriage when but a silly school girl. But the die was cast. She could not recall the fatal step, could only look forward to sorrow, disappointment, seclusion in this life; and with despondent spirit she felt there was little hope of her happiness even in the life to come. She felt like adopting the bitter lament of Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Though most of the night was spent in sleepless tossing, the dawning found Lillian in a dreamless sleep, from which she woke somewhat refreshed and in a more hopeful mood. She went over mentally the incidents of the preceding day and night and resolved she would make the most of this unexpected opportunity. Accordingly she visited Margie and informed her that she had fully decided to accompany them to the concert at the Springs.

The days intervening until they were to start were to Lillian like the dragging hours are to restless childhood, when expecting some priceless pleasure at some stated future period.

The time came, the party in high spirits, with bright hopes and glad cheer, started on their pleasant mission.

John drove the machine. Prof. Schuman sat beside him. Margie and Lillian occu-

pied the rear seats and Tom and Sarah the middle seats.

The trip was made in due time, and the party had rooms assigned, and had ordered dinner. After a sumptuous feast the ladies took a brief siesta, and then began to dress for the evening entertainment.

En route to the town hall, naturally and necessarily, Tom took Sarah, John took Margie, and that left Prof. Schuman to accompany Lillian. This was fortunate, as he was her old teacher, and old enough to be her father, so there was no special embarrassment to Lillian.

The Professor insisted on her going upon the stage with the others, but she asked to be seated in the audience where she could have the full benefit of the concert, reminding the professor that she had never heard his quartet, the "Rosedale Amateur Singers."

The entertainment was all that an exacting public could demand. The appreciation of the audience was seen in the frequent encores, and the constant recall of the performers. Professor Schuman gave them some of

his best instrumentals, sandwiched between the songs, to give the singers time to catch their breath, and prepare for their respective places on the program.

They had solos, duets and quartets interspersed on the program. Margie sang with wonderful effect, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" Many of the listeners sat with tear-dimmed eyes under the superb rendering of this splendid piece of music. Its soulful words and plaintive melody made the picture so real, and moved the emotions so deeply, that they seemed to forget to applaud until Margie had retired and the curtain was being lowered, when quietly the applause started. At first gentle and solemn, and it swelled and reverberated through the hall, until she again appeared before them. She hesitated as if uncertain what to sing. Stepping quietly to Prof. Schuman, who presided at the piano, she spoke in a low tone, indicating what he should play, and the selection was that song unheard or forgotten by most of this generation, "Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No."

To most of the hearers this was entirely new, and the rendition was so perfect and pathetic, that the manifest effect upon the audience was indescribable. Again she was enthusiastically encored, but contented herself with a quick appearance and a brief, low bow expressive of her appreciation.

During the entire program, Lillian sat as if spell-bound, often asking herself if it was possible that these happy, brilliant performers were really her schoolmates of a year ago. It was the happiest evening within many months, though she often found herself weeping under the deep pathos of the sweet music given with such zest, and yet with such becoming reverence.

Most of the program consisted of songs that breathed of heaven and the glad sunshine of the gospel of peace. There were enough comic songs, of a harmless character, interspersed to make the contrast more enjoyable.

The net proceeds of the entertainment were very satisfactory, but the large, enthusiastic audience with its manifest appre-

ciation was a much greater source of enjoyment to the participants.

The trip proved, as Margie had hoped it would, a turning point in Lillian's life. It seemed to awaken in her a sense of both her power and her responsibility. She resolved to face the world and be a woman among her kind. She was as conscious of her past folly as any one, and was surprised at the cordial welcome every one extended to her, and the real happiness with which they hailed her return to the duties and privileges of social life.

She begged, pleaded and finally arranged for the "Rosedale Amateur Singers" to give an entertainment in their own town, stipulating that in the main it was to be a repetition of the program given at the Springs. She was careful to have the concert fully advertised at the Springs, believing it would draw many hearers from that popular resort. In this she was not disappointed, and she felt the satisfaction of believing she had in some measure repaid her dear young friends for the rare treat they had given her, and she had done a favor to all the people of the

town. There was no feeling of jealousy, but one of pride, as she remembered that they were the product of her town, and of her school. She was ever after an enthusiast concerning the "Rosedale Amateur Singers." She learned to dearly love, and often to enthusiastically repeat the phrase that once was so grating to her feelings, and so hateful to her proud, selfish heart: "*Margie is pure gold.*"

There was a marked improvement in Lillian's conduct as well as in her feelings. She took a deep and constant interest in the home affairs; especially did she try to shield and help her mother. She was affectionate and kind to her father, she was loving and confidential to her sister. She began to realize that life was real, life was earnest, and there was yet something to live for.

She returned to Sunday school and became a regular attendant at church services. She had a deep and abiding interest in the music. There was a large and efficient choir led by our brilliant quartet.

Margie called frequently at Mr. Moore's and daily she prayed for the conversion of

Lillian. Mrs. Moore and her daughters always insisted that Margie should sing for them. To this request she always assented, and she prayerfully sought to bring in each song a gospel message to these lost girls.

On one such occasion, when Lillian seemed unusually serious and somewhat despondent she sang with the deepest pathos that trusting, comforting hymn:

"I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend;
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him,
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

"I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend;
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

"I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend;
All power to him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.

The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

"I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend;
So kind and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender;
From him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
No; I am his forever."

As the song ceased, there was a solemn hush. Mrs. Moore and Lillian were both silently weeping. Margie sat a moment with her head bowed while she silently and earnestly prayed for God's blessing upon the home. Then she quietly arose and said, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Then she added reverently, "That Friend is Jesus."

She bade them good-bye, and thoughtfully wended her way home. She reproached herself that she had not spoken to Lillian further, while her heart was so tender. She feared she had lost an opportunity which might not return to her again. She earnestly prayed that God, in his wis-

dom, in his own good way would overrule what she believed was her mistake. At the time of leave-taking she felt helpless and desired to escape from her surroundings as quickly and quietly as possible. No doubt God's Spirit was guiding and influencing her.

Lillian quickly repaired to her room, and fell upon her knees and prayed as she had never prayed before. In her anguish of soul she cried, "O God, pity a poor helpless, friendless sinner; a wicked, wayward, silly child; God be merciful to me, a sinner."

In the bitterness of her soul, and what seemed to her a ruined and helpless life, she felt that she really hated her husband. While Jack was, perhaps, no more to blame than she for their hasty, silly marriage, yet she felt he had urged her on in this course of folly, and then had forsaken her and left her desolate and alone. Then she remembered that Jesus said, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." She quickly arose from her knees, feeling it was impossible to forgive him for his unfeeling

neglect and base desertion. The spirit of prayer was gone, and her heart seemed cold and hard. She went down and walked amid the flowers in the yard. Nothing could interest her, nothing relieved her of the crushing burden that seemed insupportable as it weighed her soul down to earth.

She went in to assist her mother to prepare tea for the family. Her movements were all mechanical and listless. She excused hereself from supper and sullenly retired to her room to mope over her self-imposed desolate life.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

The following day Margie felt that she must see Lillian alone. She feared she had failed to speak the word in season, and possibly this neglect would raise an insurmountable barrier that might forever exclude her from entering into the heart of the lonely, lost girl. Accordingly she called and she led the way to a quiet seat under the spreading maples in the beautiful yard. Here she earnestly sought to lead her to a saving trust in the Savior of sinners.

Lillian said: "I fear there is no hope for me. I was greatly moved yesterday by that lovely song, 'I've Found a Friend.' I thought if I only had such a Friend as Jesus, naught else would matter. I went to my room to plead with him for mercy and forgiveness. The words of Jesus came to me with a distinct impression, that seemed almost like they were audibly spoken to me, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your tres-

passes.' With a feeling of revulsion I arose from my knees, and the words burst unbidden from my lips, 'How can I? Jack has treated me so meanly that I just cannot forgive him. To-day I read in my Bible where it said, 'He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy,' and again concerning the wicked, ungrateful servant and his just punishment, 'So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother his trespasses.' Now, with the realization that I have not, and will not, and cannot forgive Jack for his neglect and cruel treatment, the ruining of my life, how can I expect God to forgive me?"

"Exactly," said Margie, "that is the trouble. If you are like that wicked servant, who would not forgive his fellow servant one hundred pence, although his lord was ready to forgive the ten thousand talents he owed, how can you expect God to forgive you all your life-sins if you refuse to forgive Jack his one sin against you? No, your heart is not in the right condition, you are not in the spirit to receive or appreciate

God's forgiveness. In comparison your transgressions against God, and Jack's sin against you are as the ten thousand talents due the master, to the one hundred pence due the fellow servant. May God help you to realize your condition, and to see the necessity of forgiving in order that you may be forgiven."

"Oh, Margie, I do not know how nor what to do. I do want his blessing. I do want that peace and joy, that faith and hope that I know is yours, but how am I ever to obtain it?"

"Just accept it as God's gift. 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord.' Listen, Jesus says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You don't have to make yourself worthy, don't have to make yourself any better. If you did, your case would be hopeless. Jesus said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' He said, in his last message to mortals on earth, 'The spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever

will, let him take the water of life freely.' Oh, Lillian, he is the Great Physician. When your mother was so sick, she sent for the physician and gave herself up to him. She did not wait until she was better before sending for him. When he came, she did not try to make herself well, she did not try to conceal any of her aches and pains and needs; she told him all, and then just left the case in his hands, following minutely all his directions. That is what you must do. You know you are a sinner. Paul said, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Came for that specific purpose. Then, can you not believe he will do that for which he came? He said, 'I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' 'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' They sat quietly for some minutes, Margie silently, earnestly praying for the troubled soul which she believed was not far from the Kingdom.

Lillian took her hand and arose, saying, "Let's go into the house." They walked

slowly and silently across the lawn. Lillian led her into the parlor, and said, "Margie, sing for me." She asked, "What shall I sing?"

Lillian answered, "Whatever you think I need." Margie went to the piano and sang in her inimitable way that almost forgotten hymn:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

"Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

"Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die."

During the singing Mrs. Moore, hearing the music, had quietly come in and seated herself in the parlor, without either Lillian or Margie being aware of her presence. Lillian put her arms around Margie and said: "Oh, if I only could come. It seems some unseen power is holding me back, and somehow I can't believe it is for me. If I only could make myself worthy of his love and mercy and forgiveness."

Margie answered: "Dear Lillian, if you could make yourself worthy, then you would not need mercy. Your worthiness would merit his blessings, and God would be paying a debt that he owed you. Paul said, 'Therefore, it is of faith that it might be by grace'."

"But if I could only do something, some work that would be acceptable to him, it would seem more reasonable that he would bless me," said Lillian.

"Ah," said Margie, "that is your trouble. He only asks for your faith, your trust in him. He said, 'This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.' Again Paul wrote, 'Not by works of right-

eousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost'."

At this juncture Mrs. Moore spoke and said, "Dear Lillie, that is all so true, your mother knows it, though it took her a long time to learn it. 'There's no one to save you but Jesus, and there's no other way but his way'."

Margie then began those appropriate words, singing softly and slowly:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

"Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come."

At the conclusion of the hymn, Lillian sat with closed eyes, but with a throbbing heart and heaving breast. The mother and friend were earnestly but silently praying for her salvation. After a moment she grew calm and looking up, said, "So simple, just giving up. He saves. Blessed be his name. Yes, I love everybody. I forgive Jack. Poor boy, I never treated him as I should. I will write and tell him so. I will ask his forgiveness. I will beg him to come for me now. Oh, if I can lead him to Jesus, then life will not be in vain."

The trio were all so happy. After weeping for the great joy that had come, prayer answered, a soul saved, a life rescued, and God glorified, another witness that God hath power on earth to forgive sin, Margie must needs sing another song. She felt like she could not recall a hymn that could adequately express the deep feelings of their souls.

Mrs. Moore clapped her hands and cried, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Margie at once caught the chorus and sang, "Blessed Be the Name of the Lord," and then the hymn:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

As she walked home thinking of God's goodness, the wonders of his grace, and boundless mercy, in her inmost soul she took the language of Mary, and said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior."

She told the glad news at Dr. Dixon's and to Sarah, and there was great rejoicing over Lillian's conversion.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

The marked change in the conduct and life of Lillian, at home and among her friends, was proof, fully convincing them that she had been with Jesus and learned of him.

She wrote to Jack and within a few days received a letter from another stating that he was dangerously ill, and in his delirium had raved about his wife, thus revealing to his associates that he was a married man. In his sane moments they had urged him to send for her, but he refused, always saying, "It is no use, she would not come. No one could expect her to come to me after my cruel desertion and utter neglect."

"He seems rather dazed by the tenor of your letter, but has not yet fully consented for us to send for you. Yet if anything could help him now, I am sure your presence would be the most effective remedy.

"Of course," he wrote, "I do not know the causes nor the extent of the alienation, but

if you can risk the chances and will come, we will see you are protected and cared for."

Lillian was soon on her way to the distant town, praying that she might not be too late, and that above all else God would save his soul, and then heal his body.

The doctor doubtful as to what effect her coming would have on his patient, had given him a powder to quiet him. She found him unconscious and restlessly murmuring, in his drowsy delirium, about the past. Several times he called her name. Once he said, "No, she'll never come."

She called him by name, attempted to arouse him, but he seemed not to recognize her voice, nor to realize her presence. Finally the opiate had expended its influence and he awoke conscious of his surroundings. He stretched his arms toward her, and she yielded to his feeble embrace. She kissed his fevered lips and brow. He said, "Lillian, can you forgive me?"

She answered, "Yes, Jack; I had already forgiven you when I wrote to you. I thought once I could not, but God showed me how much more I needed his forgiveness, and

how much greater were my offenses, my sin against him, and he forgave me, saved me from my sins. Then, besides, Jack, I was largely to blame for our unhappiness, and I am not surprised that you did not want to stay with me. Now, will you forgive me and let me love you as a wife should love and help her husband?"

"Oh, Lillian," said Jack, "there's nothing for me to forgive. I was a brute to treat you as I did, and a fool to act as I did. I was to blame for our failure and all our unhappiness."

The effort at speaking had cost him more than he knew and he lay exhausted after the unusual effort. The doctor said she had better leave him now for a time, but he piteously pleaded for her to stay. The doctor agreed, if they would not talk. So with her hand in his he fell asleep and rested unusually well, awakening much refreshed. The doctor noted he was brighter and happier than he had been for days.

He said, "Lillian, if you will stay with me, I'll get well." She said, "All right, Jack, I am going to stay right with you until you

get well enough to go back home with me." For two days he was almost delirious with happiness. He said, "Lillian, what has changed you so much in the past few months? You seem so different in every way."

Lillian answered: "Jack, I am a Christian, and, of course, I am changed. I am a new creature, or as Margie says, a new creation in Christ Jesus. Of course, I am bound to be different. 'Old things have passed away and behold all things have become new'."

"I never knew religion to affect any one that way before," he replied.

"Yes, you did," she said; "you knew Margie Freeman, and she was so different from all of us. So patient, so kind, so forgiving, so gentle in everything."

"But Margie was always that way. I think it was her natural temperament. She could not help it," said Jack.

The doctor began to hope his patient would ultimately recover. He seemed so much more cheerful. He ceased to beg for the opiates. He really seemed improved. Yet the doctor warned Lillian not to be too

sanguine. He told her his vitality was exceedingly low, and nothing short of a miracle could give assurance of his return to life and health.

One day Jack said: "Lillian, if I could get well, and have the same kind of religion that you have, it seems to me that our home, though it might be a poor one, would be heaven for me."

She said: "Jack, it is worth everything else. I really would be willing for us both to die, and go to be with Jesus if I could just see you converted, saved." The tears came unbidden to his eyes, as he said feebly, "Lillian, dear, pray for me, that I may be saved."

"That," said she, "has been the prayer of every wakeful moment since I trusted Jesus and he saved me. Yes, I do and will always pray for you, and I believe God will hear and answer and save your soul. Of course, Jesus is willing to save you; that is just what he came from heaven to earth for, that is what he died for, that is what he is now interceding for at God's right hand. Don't you remember that Paul said, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all accepta-

tion, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'? Now, I came down here to nurse my sick husband, don't you think I will do just what I came here to do? And don't you see that Jesus is going to save you, because he came for that specific purpose? Yes, I'll pray for you, mother is praying for you, and Margie is praying for you. Now you pray for yourself and trust your soul to Jesus just as you are trusting your body to the doctor, and all will be well."

Jack said, "That looks simple enough, but if I had strength to read my Bible, to go to church, to do right things then he might hear and save me."

"You might just as reasonably say, if you had strength to study and comprehend anatomy, physiology, and all the intricacies of the theory and practice of medicine, were able to diagnose your case, and prescribe the proper remedies, your body might get well. Do you think it would be wise to resolve on that course, or to follow the doctor's directions, and take his remedies for the healing of your body?"

"I see," said Jack feebly. "Now, let me think and pray." After a long, quiet interval, during which he lay with closed eyes and heaving breast, he turned with a despairing look to the anxious wife, and said, "Lillie, how can he, when I have been so bad? Others he could save, but it seems to me I am the chief of sinners."

"That is what Paul called himself, 'The chief of sinners.' He saved the thief upon the cross, he had never done any good thing. Besides, Jack, that is not the way of salvation. Paul said, 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast, for we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.' Jack, there is a hymn I have heard Margie sing that expresses the idea clearly. I could sing it; of course, not like Margie, but I will just repeat to you, the words:

"Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

"Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now."

"That is the gospel as taught by Jesus and the apostles, as tested and proven by believers all through the centuries. Now, won't you just believe his Word, trust his promise and let him save you now?"

"Yes," said Jack, "I remember a verse of a song my mother used to sing; it was this:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee
O Lamb of God! I come, I come."

"It must be true, and I'll do that."

After a moment of silence he said, "O happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

Lillian's happiness was inexpressible: not only the happy thought of her husband's salvation, but the glory of having won a soul for Christ and heaven.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

To all the watchers it was clearly evident that Jack was nearing the borderland. Soon he must cross the swelling tide of the Jordan of death.

Lillian had foreseen the inevitable, but since Jack's conversion there was a heart-longing for him to live, that together they might go hand and hand through life, and serve and glorify God here below. Yet she would not murmur. She wrote to Margie:

"Dearest Margie: I am so happy, so thankful, yet I am very sad. God spared Jack till I came. He let me lead the dear boy to Jesus. He is so happy, perfectly reconciled to his condition. Talks about heaven, and about going home just as if he were preparing to go on a pleasant journey. I have wished so much that you were here to sing some of your sweet songs to him, but it won't be long till he will be listening to the sweet music of heaven. He is growing weaker every day, and the doctor has told

him he can not get well. He says only for my sake, and his earnest desire to do something for Jesus, who has done so much for him, would he desire to live. We are expecting each day to be his last on earth. Pray for

Your loving,

LILLIAN."

Two days later the message came to Rosedale:

"Jack is dead. Burial here Thursday morning. The boys, his comrades, pay all expenses. LILLIAN SIMMONS."

The news quickly spread over the town.

John Graham proposed to take Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Miss Allie in his automobile to the funeral. Margie went also. They were a great comfort to Lillian, who showed the strength of her faith under these trying circumstances. She accompanied them home.

Lillian had surely been in the school of sorrow, but her conduct, spirit, life evinced unmistakably the incalcuable benefit of her training. Nothing but the grace and Spirit

of God could have wrought such a change. She was truly a new creature in Christ Jesus, transformed by the renewing of the mind, and was earnestly and prayerfully seeking to present body, soul and life a living sacrifice unto God.

Margie had spent ten weeks of her vacation at the College of Music. No time or money had ever been spent with greater enjoyment. She saw new beauties, new possibilities, in the realm of music, of which she had never dreamed. Her assiduous application, her enthusiastic appreciation, her diligent and painstaking performance of every assigned duty, as well as her native talent and acquired efficiency were the delight of all her teachers.

Many besought her to give up her literary studies, to abandon her purpose of completing her college course, and devote her time all to the acquisition of an education in music. These earnest solicitations, even with her intense love for music, could scarcely be called a temptation. She refused to consider such a course for a moment. She would have felt like a traitor to

abandon the cherished hope of years and refuse to give one more year to her college, teachers and associates. She had learned a great deal during the ten weeks' stay at the College of Music, yet her associates discovered but little difference in her singing or playing. Truth is, they thought her perfect before she went away, and hence could scarcely discern the improvement she had made.

Margie had just reached home, and found Lillian's letter awaiting her. Her heart went out to her in loving sympathy, and when John offered her a seat in his machine, to accompany the family to the funeral, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity. Lillian clung to her, knowing her loving heart was aflame with the deepest and truest sympathy, and a full understanding and appreciation of her desolate condition. As they sat together in the automobile on their homeward journey, they talked but little but sat hand in hand, which expressed feelings and sympathy far deeper and sweeter than spoken words could have done.

The afternoon of the day following their home-coming, Margie called to see Lillian. Mrs. Moore said: "Lillian had seemed almost completely exhausted, and she had insisted on her resting and sleeping. She ate her breakfast and immediately sought her room. She was asleep at the time of our noonday lunch, and I did not awaken her. Twice since I have quietly looked in, and she seemed asleep. I will go and see if she has yet awakened." As the mother silently approached to see if the daughter was still asleep, Lillian spoke, saying, "Tell Margie I will be down in a few minutes." She had heard and recognized the voice and longed to see her dearest friend.

While Lillian was preparing to come to the family room Margie said: "Mrs. Moore, I have come on a special mission to Lillian, and I hope you will approve my effort, and give your influence to the proposition. It is this: I want Lillian to re-enter school, go back to college, finish her education. She has been out only one year, she has plenty of time, and there is no reason, as I can see, why she should not take up the work where

she left off, and go right on with her studies. It will give her definite employment, will prevent her isolation, will keep her from moping and from the inevitable despondency which her circumstances will tend to bring upon her. Besides, it will better fit her for usefulness and efficiency in life, and she may need it sometime."

Mrs. Moore replied: "I had not thought of such a thing, but I see the wisdom of the course and I will give it my best endeavors, and aid every way I can in the accomplishment of the purpose."

When Lillian came, Margie gave her an affectionate greeting, and they sat side by side on the divan, holding each other's hands. Presently Lillian said: "Margie, it has been so long since I heard you sing. Please sing me one song. I think it will soothe my aching heart."

Margie went to the piano and sang softly and feelingly that beautiful hymn:

"Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded heart, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

"Joy of the desolate! light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

"Here see the bread of life! see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove."

Lillian and her mother were greatly moved at the sweet, soothing, appropriate words of the song.

Margie and Lillian had a long, confidential talk, all alone in the lawn swing. When Margie broached the subject of her re-entering school, she was amazed. She said: "Margie, how can I? After my foolish episode, my disgrace, and now my sorrow. Besides, I do not care to graduate. What good would a diploma do me?"

"It might do you a great deal of good, at least what the diploma represents might be of incalculable benefit to you. You remember Jesus saved you. You owe it to him to fit yourself as best you can for the duties of life. We are responsible, not only for what we do, but for what we may do; not only

for what we know, but for what we may know. When we have laid out all of God's gifts, and improved them to the best of our ability, and used them for his glory, it is only then, it seems to me, that we shall be prepared to render a joyful account of our stewardship."

Lillian replied: "Well, Margie, I have always found you right. I believe God guides your thoughts and plans. I had not thought of such a thing. Had put all such things behind me, thought they were buried in the dead past. I don't see how I possibly can do it, but I promise you to think about it, pray over it and let you know."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Margie persistently used all her persuasive powers to induce Lillian to re-enter school. She said, "Yes, it is true you will no longer be in our class, but we will meet in chapel, on the campus, in our literary society. We shall see much of each other. It will be best for you; will take your mind off your trouble and bereavement. Besides, it is your duty to fit yourself for usefulness. You do not know to what station and work in his Kingdom God may call you." She saw the wisdom of the course and finally yielded.

All the old students were joyfully surprised to hear that Lillian was coming to finish her course in college. They recognized that it was through the persistent effort of Margie, whose leadership was now appreciated and acknowledged by both teachers and pupils. As they continually saw the fruits of her labor, the successful results of her efforts in every direction, they

took up the old slogan, "*Margie is pure gold.*"

The first term of the college session opened with brilliant and flattering prospects. More students, and they appeared unusually earnest and capable, as they buckled down to hard work, and began to adjust themselves to their several classes and grades of hard work.

The senior class was the largest for years, was the most distinguished, as it contained the popular and talented quartet, "The Rosedale Amateur Singers."

The duties of these distinguished seniors were by no means inconsequential, and then as Tom Dixon was fond of saying, "The weight of their dignity and the mighty effort to sustain the same, is a matter of such moment that it must be maintained at all costs." They had a class meeting every week, either at Dr. Dixon's, Mr. Graham's or in their society hall. There was always something which appeared to them of vital interest, to be discussed, considered, adjusted, and disposed of. A number of innovations was to be introduced with the im-

portant history of their going. They must be distinguished as none of their predecessors had ever been, with a "Class Badge," and "Class Colors." After several suggestions, and meeting after meeting, they had failed to arrive at anything like unanimity on this great question. Sarah Graham was honored by the class unanimously adopting her suggestion. It occurred this way: the meeting was at the home of Dr. Dixon. Margie had excused herself for a few moments to prepare some simple refreshments for her visitors. While she was absent on this laudable mission Sarah said, "I think I have solved the problem. I have prepared a badge, and I here and now present it to the class for consideration and approval. It is simply this," and she placed before them a small, cunningly wrought rosette, made of pure white silk, and a small double streamer of gold attached thereto. Tom Dixon immediately interpreted the emblem, saying, "Purity and golden, or rather Pure Gold." Every member clapped hands in admiration and commendation of the appropriate badge. Immediately Tom

said: "I move we lay the badge upon the table." With a hearty laugh each member said, "I second the motion."

"Now," said Sarah, "I suggest when Margie returns that we inform her that after these weeks of fruitless efforts to arrive at something definite, we have decided for the present to lay the whole matter on the table, to be taken up at pleasure." This suggestion was unanimously and heartily adopted, when Tom said, "I move that Sarah be requested now to take the badge off the table, and keep the same concealed, and this whole transaction be kept sacredly secret until such time, as in the wisdom of the members now present, it shall be deemed appropriate to reveal to our leader and the public the transactions of this hour."

Margie returned with a small tray, bearing some delicate refreshments. As she entered the parlor, she said: "Now, I see I have missed something by my enforced absence, something of great interest judging from the hilarity which reached my ears while in the dining room, and I beg to be informed that I may share in the enjoyment."

Sarah, who as vice-president of the class and was in the chair in Margie's absence, she being the president, merely answered: "Margie, it was some of Tom's antics. As we had been discussing this question week after week, had failed to arrive at any definite conclusion, he moved to lay the whole thing on the table. Everybody immediately seconded the motion. I put the motion and it carried unanimously, and the ridiculous termination of this much-discused question was so unexpected that we all had to laugh."

"Now," said Tom, "I move that we take the contents of Margie's tray off the table and proceed to discuss that, until satisfactorily disposed of." Again, with the best of good humor, and in admiration of Tom's quick sense in turning all minds from the discussion of the badge question, each member said, "I second the motion." Sarah put the motion and pronounced it carried unanimously, saying, "That is equivalent to adjournment."

These weekly meetings of the class were hours of great enjoyment to the members.

They usually had some simple refreshments, and never separated without some splendid music.

It was customary for the juniors to give an entertainment to the seniors a short time before Commencement, but this senior class was noted for planning surprises and innovations, and was now known as the "Irrepressible Nine," and they were planning to give an entertainment to the juniors at the close of the first term. They mentioned the matter to the President, Dr. Dixon, and securing his approval, they requested him to keep the matter secret until arrangements should be completed, and the time should draw near.

Many of their future weekly class meetings were taken up with their plans and the program for this important entertainment. As the college and the public had learned always to expect nothing special from this class except a splendid musical program, they determined to vary the exercises this time, and to use all the members of the class in the entertainment, knowing full well that

some of them were incapable of taking any part in a program purely musical.

Accordingly they arranged to have dialogues, recitations and tableaux, interspersed with choice music.

A committee was appointed to prepare a program, assigning to each member some appropriate and congenial part.

They had some comic tableaux and dialogues combined, representing the most crude scenes and popular abuses of the backwoods rural schools. They had also a few comic songs, especially some of the plantation songs, once so popular among the Southern negroes.

The exuberant spirits of the class were fairly bubbling over in anticipation of the promised success and the rare enjoyment of the evening. Even the faculty, who knew more than either of the classes of the coming treat, being in the confidence of both sides, were jubilant over the well-planned, highly entertaining program to be given by their pupils.

The public was waiting with impatient longing the beginning of the exercises, while

Prof. Schuman was exhibiting his consummate skill in the musical art.

While the class was planning surprises for the public and for the juniors, the juniors were also planning a surprise for Margie. The question of the class colors and the badge had bobbed up a few times in their meetings, but had been put off, as they said, "The session is not half over; we'll have plenty of time for that."

Sarah with two others of the class had arranged to make the badges and have them ready for each member to wear on the night of the entertainment. The class met just before the hour for the evening exercises in one of the classrooms adjoining the chapel.

Prof. Schuman was at the piano, and at the proper time sent for Margie, with the pretense of consulting her about some parts of the music.

While she was absent they fastened upon each member one of the badges, and as Margie returned, Sarah arose and said: "Margie, our president and leader, whom we all delight to honor. Because you have always made good, under all circumstances, often

the most adverse, and sometimes seemingly insurmountable; there has been adopted by the class, the pupils of the college, the teachers and even the public, the appropriate saying, '*Margie is pure gold;*' hence we have chosen this simple badge, as appropriate for our class, and in honor of our president, who in all things commendable has ever been an example and an inspiration to us." Saying this, amid suppressed but hearty cheering of all the members of the class, she pinned the badge upon Margie, who with deep emotion said: "My dearest friends, words cannot express to you my gratitude, and appreciation of your kindness, your love, and the great honor you confer upon me. Help me to be worthy of your confidence and love. God bless you all."

The class, headed by Margie, marched into the chapel and on to the rostrum.

The juniors were all standing on the rostrum, and the president of the class, Lillian Simmons, stepped forward and placed in Margie's hands a beautiful silk banner, with the inscription, "Pure Gold," saying: "In

behalf of the juniors we present you this banner, bearing the motto of your class."

Margie said: "In the name and in behalf of my class I thank you. We had planned to give this entertainment in honor of the juniors, to show our love for them, and behold, you have anticipated our kind intentions and placed us under renewed obligations. May your pleasures equal our gratitude."

The entertainment had never been excelled in the college, not even in the elaborate commencement exercises.

After the close of the exercises, the faculty and the juniors were invited to Dr. Dixon's to an enjoyable banquet, furnished by the senior class. Here amid good cheer, sweet fellowship, sparkling wit and exquisite music another hour was spent. Then with heartfelt congratulations and good wishes the happy company adjourned.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

As the session drew toward a close, and Margie was forced to realize that the present associations were to be broken up, that other duties would soon claim her attention, and the opportunities of the present would be gone forever, she thought with deep solemnity of life's responsibilities. One special thing that had borne almost continually upon her mind was the salvation of Mr. Moore and Allie. She had lived in the home, had been so intimately associated with them and yet they had not yielded their immortal souls to Jesus, the only Savior of sinners. She prayed earnestly over the matter. She went to Mrs. Moore and Lillian, and together they covenanted to pray daily for their salvation, and to seek by every opportunity to lead them to Christ.

She visited in the home more frequently. She sought and obtained several interviews with Allie. She had great encouragement to hope for her conversion, as Allie not only

seemed to realize her need of Christ and eternal life but she seemed anxious for Margie's visits and conversations. As to Mr. Moore, it was different. She had but little opportunity. He was at his business until late. She did not deem it wise to press these important matters in the presence of others. She watched and waited, longed and prayed for an opportunity.

As the time of her stay in Rosedale seemed to grow so short, and there was so much to be accomplished, she resolved to make an opportunity. Accordingly she told Lillian, one day, at the close of school, "I am coming to take tea with you this evening. Will be late coming, but will be there in time." She informed them at home that she was going over to take tea with Lillian. She went down the street, timing her going so as to reach the store about the time she knew Mr. Moore would start home. He was just preparing to leave as she entered the store. He took off his hat, stepped behind the counter, and said: "Good evening, Margie, I am glad to see you. Do you want anything today?"

She answered: "Yes, Mr. Moore, my wants are numerous, but I don't wish to buy anything to-day. Were you preparing to go home?"

He answered: "Yes, but there is no great hurry. I have plenty of time."

Margie said: "I have an engagement with Lillian to sup with you all this evening; knowing it was about your time to start for home, and being down the street, I dropped in to walk home with you."

"All right, delighted," said Mr. Moore, "then we will go at once." Suiting the action to the word, he took up his hat and said, "Now, come on. It will seem like old times to see you around once more."

Margie had always been a little shy of Mr. Moore, who was rather reticent, and appeared to her to be rather stern. She knew, however, that shyness would not accomplish the task before her. With a silent prayer to God for direction, for the Holy Spirit's guidance, she said: "Mr. Moore, soon I will be going away. My school course here is nearly over. I am going to the great city, to attend the college of music. God has

given me an intense love for music, has given me some ability in that direction, and I believe it is my duty to improve the talent the Master has given me, and then use it for his glory. I shall be sorry to part with my friends who have been so good and kind to me, but duty calls and I must go. I remember with deepest gratitude the kindness and motherly care of Mrs. Moore when I had no one to care for or sympathize with me in my lonely, helpless condition. Now, I cannot leave you without an earnest plea that you will give your heart and life to the Savior. Life here is uncertain and I want to meet you all in heaven. Won't you think about it, pray over it, and take the gift of eternal life from our loving heavenly Father? You see its blessed effects upon Lillian, and others who love and serve the Savior. But it not only has promise of the life that now is, but also of that which is to come."

She waited for a reply.

He said: "Margie, you have been an angel of mercy in my home. I can never repay you for what you have done. Nor can I ever be thankful enough for the kind provi-

dence that brought us all in contact with you. I want to thank you for this interest in me. True, I have seemed indifferent about religion. Have appeared much more indifferent than I really was. Often when the family were all at church I have taken the Bible and read and pondered; yes, and tried to pray, but I was ashamed to be seen with the Bible and hastened to replace it carefully just as I found it, lest they should suspect I was reading it. Recently I have felt a new interest in the matter. I want you to pray for me, and I hope I may not be lost."

"Mr. Moore," said Margie, "you have no idea how glad I am to hear you say these things, but I must tell you, you are not going to *be lost*. You are already lost. But Jesus said, 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.' He is seeking you now through our prayers and our interest in you, and seeking you by the wooing of the Holy Spirit. Now, after tea I want you to come out in the yard and sit with me in the swing and talk with me a while. I don't know that I shall ever have

another opportunity." To this Mr. Moore agreed.

As they approached the gate Lillian met them, saying, "Well, this is fine. I have been watching across the campus for you, and behold here you are bringing father home."

Mr. Moore ate but little and said less, the ladies doing the talking. Supper being ended, Mr. Moore and Margie deliberately walked together across the yard and seated themselves in the lawn swing.

Margie said: "Mr. Moore, I wish you were as greatly interested in your salvation as your friends are, as greatly interested as Jesus is. 'He was rich, but for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.' 'He bore our sins in his own body on the tree.' 'He died that we might live.' He said, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely'."

He said: "Margie, I am deeply interested in my soul's salvation. I realize that if I miss heaven, I miss all. Life will be an awful, miserable failure if I am not saved. Pray

for me. I promise you I will pray, and will try to be saved."

"It is all right to pray. All right to read your Bible. All right to seek God. But all this avails nothing unless you trust Jesus to save you. 'There is no one to save you but Jesus, there is no other way but his way,' and *his way* is to give eternal life to all who will believe on him, who will trust him, commit their souls unto him."

The above was the tenor of the conversation between Mr. Moore and Margie. The differences in their ages was no barrier between them. Margie, but a child, was seeking with all the earnestness of her soul to lead this man, mature in age, to a knowledge of Jesus. He had in this little girl the utmost confidence. He had seen her tested in the crucible more than once and saw she always came out *pure gold.*

They walked together to the house. Mr. Moore did an unusual thing, something Margie had never known him to do in all her stay in the home, he went in and took a seat in the parlor.

Mrs. Moore and Lillian were there. Lillian was softly playing, and singing:

"I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.
Coming home, coming home,
Never more to roam;
Open wide thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home."

As she continued the hymn to the close, Mr. Moore wondered if he had not heard the song before, yet it seemed strange, unfamiliar; yet it appealed to his heart like a message from God. As he sat and listened, he quietly wept and prayed.

Then they asked Margie to sing. She took the piano and said, "Lillian will help me." Together they sang:

"Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come,
Into thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Out of my sickness into thy health,
Out of my want into thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into thyself,
Jesus, I come to thee."

As the sweet truths of the gospel were poured out in the ecstasy of song, it seemed

to Mr. Moore when the song was ended that it was, "As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life evermore."

It was like showers of blessing upon his thirsty soul. As his soul was infilling with the joy of salvation, Allie, who had sat silently, sadly listening to all, feeling like no one was interested in her, that she was forgotten and forsaken, burst out with a great heart-breaking sob, fell upon her knees, with clasped hands, and looking up, she said, "Yes, blessed Jesus, I come to thee."

Mr. Moore gathered Allie in his arms and together they wept and rejoiced.

Mrs. Moore with her cup of joy running over, embraced her husband, then Allie, and together they all rejoiced in the blissful hope of heaven.

As Margie bade them good-night, she said, "This is surely a foretaste of heaven. God bless you all."

This was a happy household, believing and rejoicing in God.

CHAPTER THIRTY

"The last half of my last year in college," said Margie in her meditation. "How quickly the time has flown. It seemed an age when I began, the measure of almost a lifetime, but how quickly it has passed. It seems almost as a dream. Let me see. A little more than three years ago, I came from the Children's Home. Dear Mrs. Rhodes was my foster mother. God called her away. Oh, how dark the way appeared then. How was I to continue? Then I found a home with dear Mrs. Moore. Then with Dr. and Mrs. Dixon. The Lord has been so good to me. Led me by a way that I knew not. Soon I must go hence. Yet it is not among strangers; but with the fine, splendid men and women, the teachers at the college of music. Oh, how I long to give all my time to the delightful study, and the acquisition of the knowledge of music. Surely music is to religion what sunshine is to this glad earth of ours. It seems to me the beatific glory of Heaven is charmingly en-

hanced by the sweet harmony of the celestial choir. And think of it! Mother is there, I have kept my vow. Have lived close to Jesus. How could I have lived without him? By and by, when my soul can contain no more of the glory of Heaven on earth, then I shall join with that Heavenly choir, singing the glorious anthems of praise, 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and forever. Amen!' Yes, it was my own dear, sweet mother who first taught me to sing. Together we sang the songs of Zion, the precious gospel of songs. By and by we will again sing together in Heaven, sing the new song that no man on earth could learn." She was happy; too happy to be despondent even over the contemplation of being separated from all her dearest friends. Hers was a happiness the scope of which took in the ceaseless cycles of eternity, combining the present with the things that are eternal and unseen. Yet with these bright visions of the future there was the realization of the present

—the present with its duties and burdens, its cares and responsibilities.

But Margie was too busy, too loving, too unselfish to be unhappy, morose or despondent.

The busy days of finishing up the college curriculum, the preparation for examinations, the writing of essays and orations for commencement all passed like a brief glad vision of a summer's dream.

For the fourth time Sarah and Margie headed their class in the commencement march. Clad as usual in immaculate white, wearing the badge of white and gold, and Margie carrying the white silk banner, presented by the juniors, on which was inscribed in beautiful gold letters the class motto, "*Pure Gold.*"

The college commencement was a gala day for Rosedale and vicinity. The people came for many miles. It served as an annual reunion where friends greeted each other, a Mecca to which many former pupils journeyed to pay respect to their loved Alma Mater, and to clasp the glad hands of former comrades on the college campus. Com-

mencement exercises passed off much as usual. There was sweet music, there were brilliant speeches, chaste, elegant essays and a profusion of fragrant flowers, smiling faces and happy hearts. All agreed that no class had ever graduated from the college with brighter prospects or greater promise.

Nine full classical graduates, with smiling faces, happy hearts, and bright futures stood before the faculty in caps and gowns; the four girls in spotless white, the five boys in the regulation black, as the President delivered the well-earned diplomas.

Dr. Dixon, according to his custom, had the graduating class all to dine with him. To him and them it was a delightful occasion

Margie was going to the College of Music to pursue her favorite study, fitting her for her chosen vocation. Sarah Graham had that day been elected assistant in the department of Latin, having proven especially proficient in that class in college, and was recommended for the position to the trustees by the Professor of Latin. Tom Dixon was to leave in the early fall for the Law Department in the University.

John Graham was to become his father's partner in his large mercantile business. One other girl was to become a teacher. Allie Moore had decided to take up the study of art, one of the boys was going with Tom to study law, and the other two boys had their plans to go together to the Medical Department of the University.

One thing yet remained—"The President's Levee." This was a grand gala parade, a free-for-all promenade under the leafy bowers, in the brilliantly lighted campus. Our special quartet, the principals in our story, had been looking forward to this event for more than three full years, with the mutual understanding that no heart confessions were to be made until that evening, and no vows were to be exchanged.

Tom and John had looked forward to this coming event as the first plateau on the mountain of life which they were ascending. Truth to tell, each one had often rehearsed in imagination the whole of the interesting and delicate exercise. Nothing seemed easier, nothing could be more ecstatically delightful, more exhilarating and congenial as

they forecast this drama of real life. Yet each one seemed to be inexcusably awkward and unskilful in reaching the point in this delicate heart business.

But the long pent-up fires would eventually burst forth. They must, would and did find their tongues, and poured into eager listening ears, the old, old story, that has brightened so many lives and stirred the fires in so many bosoms. The whole story had been known, recognized, and secretly acknowledged, but never had been rehearsed until that night. It, however, had lost nothing of its sweetness and power because it had lain undisturbed in the quiet recesses of the heart.

John and Margie were happy in their plighted faith, and promised eternal fidelity with frequent exchange of sentiment, as well as news.

Tom and Sarah were equally advanced, when Dr. Dixon sought out the quartet and demanded that they favor him once more with a song before the last night of his tutelage should end with them.

They gathered at the President's home, and as the young ladies met quietly and alone in a private room, they rushed into each other's arms, and with a fervent kiss silently communicated the joy and happiness they felt. Words were not necessary, and none were spoken.

They walked into the parlor occupied at the time only by Mr. and Mrs. Dixon.

The Doctor said: "My children, you have been a great comfort to me. I hope to follow each of you through a useful, happy career in this life, and my prayers, love and best wishes shall always be yours. Now please sing us a few of your favorite songs."

They sang "Home Sweet Home," "My Old Kentucky Home;" one or two sacred songs, and then to the surprise of the good Doctor and his wife, Margie, who was at the piano began that song by Conway:

"Tell me to wait—thro' tardy years,
I'll wait nor chide their pace;
Tell me to hope—my troubled fears
Shall find, shall find no resting place;
Tell me to smile, that mirth may be
For grief a fair disguise,
And stars at night alone shall see

The tears, the tears that fill my eyes.
But tell me yet again your love is all my own;
That every wish and thought is mine and mine alone.
But tell me yet again your love is all my own;
That every wish and thought is mine and mine alone.

"Tell me, my love to all forsake,
And all will I resign;
Your life, your friends, your foes I'll make
Life, friends and foes of mine.
Tell me to dream of some sweet day
To dawn for me and you;
And be it near or far away,
That day, that day will find me true.
But tell me yet again your love is all my own;
That every wish and thought is mine, and mine alone.
But tell me yet again your love is all my own;
That every wish and thought is mine, and mine alone."

No one present had ever heard the song. It was one Margie had learned during her stay at the College of Music. She had often hummed it to herself but had never sung it before others.

The sentiment of the words, the sweetness of the air, and the perfect sympathetic rendition, pleased and greatly surprised all the listeners.

Margie rose from the piano. John led her to a seat at the end of the parlor, and clasp-

ing her hand, said: "Margie, yes, my love is all your own; every wish and thought are thine and thine alone."

Margie replied, "I am happy."

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Another vacation is on. Rosedale is distressingly quiet. Her college is almost the only heart-throb she has, that is really discernible to her citizens.

The students and their parents, the boarding-house keepers, the teachers, and even the business men of the place avail themselves of this opportunity to take a little outing.

Margie is not to wait until September, but is going away to begin her work at the College of Music, going within a couple of weeks.

The quartet arranged for a little pleasure trip. They decided to go back to the Springs where they have always had such delightful trips. They claim they are going this time absolutely for rest. We know, however, they are going for the selfish purpose of enjoying each other's company. Mrs. Dixon goes as chaperon, Prof. Schuman goes because he is invited.

At the Springs they absolutely refuse to give an entertainment, but consent to sing one or two songs each evening at the hotel. On these occasions, all available space is occupied. They only give enough music to whet the desire of the public for more.

The people secure Prof. Schuman as an intercessor, and finally they are prevailed upon to give an entertainment at the new opera house on Friday evening, before leaving for Rosedale on Saturday. The announcement was spread far and wide, and standing room was at a premium on that memorable evening. Prof. Schuman prepared the program, supervised the whole arrangement, and with pardonable pride announced these as his pupils, whom he had taught for four years. The proceeds of the evening amounted to more than two hundred dollars. This was lovingly donated to Margie. Thus she was financially equipped for her work for the coming year.

It had been announced that the famous quartet would sing at the Rosedale church, both morning and evening, for the last time before disbanding. Tom and Margie were

both to leave within a few days, each to prepare for the chosen work of the future. The church house was taxed to its utmost capacity.

John Graham felt like he now had a perfect right to look after Margie and all her interests, so he goes with her to the city, takes Sarah with them, he sees that everything is properly provided and returns home leaving his heart behind him. Sarah remains a few days, and almost repents of having accepted a position in the college, for she is also a gifted musician, and she thinks how pleasant it would be to remain and study with Margie; besides, she remembers Tom is away studying law, and well she knows that Rosedale without Tom and Margie will be to her a lonely place.

John's and Tom's postage bills this year amounted to far more than in all the years gone by. But no one with a life experience, in which real love had figured, would ever blame them.

Dr. Dixon's home was lonely without Tom and Margie. The Moore home was delightfully happy. All of them were enthusiastic

church members. The glad sunshine of true religion beamed in every face, and Margie was regarded by them as the angel of peace who had led them to the Savior, whose life had been such an incalculable benediction to each one of them.

The vacation days soon passed, and another college year was added to the history of the popular institution. This year had the usual incidents and interests of the regular rounds of college transactions, but as they are not directly connected with our story we pass them over in silence, except to say that Sarah Graham was making an enviable reputation as a scholar and teacher of Latin. In her enthusiasm she studied harder even than in the days prior to her graduation. She read all the literature available on the language, and read more Latin than she had read during her college course. Her pupils were enthusiastic over her teaching. She combined with her regular lessons the history of the writers and the books, and thus inspired an interest in her classes never known before in the college.

Lillian Moore, as she was now called by everyone, was the leader in the senior class. She was an all-round splendid girl, studious, discreet, a fine student in all her classes, and was winning loud praise from Prof. Schuman as a pianist. She was a happy, contented useful Christian.

Tom and Margie came home in time for the Commencement, and rejoiced with the graduates as they passed out of college training into the sterner duties of life.

By special request the quartet sang once at the commencement, and they also took their old place in the choir at the church on Sunday during the services when the usual baccalaureate sermon was to be preached. Their presence and music gladdened the whole town.

John insisted on an immediate marriage, but Margie pleaded for time. She said: "We are both so young, and there is so much for earnest souls to do, and since the college has elected me as assistant to Prof. Schuman to aid him in his music classes, give me one more year and then we will be better prepared for the responsibilities of life. Mar-

gie also enlisted Tom and Sarah as her advocates, and as Tom said they could not be ready for married life for one more year, John reluctantly consented to the postponement, arranging for a double wedding when the quartet would be separated as such, and then joined as permanent duets.

Margie took her place as the Assistant Professor of Music in the college. Her teaching was characterized by that painstaking, conscientious thoroughness which had distinguished all her life work. Prof. Schuman realized that his pupil had surpassed him in her knowledge and in her skill to impart that knowledge, and to arouse enthusiasm for musical attainments. Sarah and Margie teaching in the classic halls of their loved Alma Mater seemed like a wonderful transformation. As they walked arm in arm across the campus after school hours, Sarah stopped and said: "Five years ago right here, I acted the fool, and then your courage and good sense and Christ-like principle swung me back to the other extreme. Do you remember it? I taunted you in my foolish pride, chiming in with your silly persecu-

tors, you smiled and spoke to us in such a lady-like manner that I was immediately convinced of the high principles which actuated you. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself. I had enough of real womanhood in me to apologize. I at once became your champion, and from then till now no friendship has been so precious, so sweet as yours. And from now until my latest breath I shall be proud that you were my bosom friend."

Margie replied: "Dear Sarah, I think I owe more to you than to any living mortal. But for your championship, your kindness, your friendship, your love, I fear my courage would have failed and I would have gone down in inglorious defeat.

Then Margie said: "Sarah, I have a request to make of you. You of course know that Tom is coming home for a fortnight, to be here two weeks from Sunday. I want you to make our dear boys go with us for a few days to the great mining camps in the mountains, the place of my nativity, the home of my childhood, where sleep the bodies of my father and mother, where I was born, and then born again. The dear man of God, the

minister who said some words over the lifeless form of my sweet mother, with whom I have kept up an irregular correspondence these ten years, is still there ministering to those needy sinners, and humble Christians. He has never murmured at the hardships of the ministry, nor at the meager salary he received. Now I want to go there, evidently from some selfish motives, but also from a sense of duty. They have there now a splendid town hall. I want us to give them a real entertainment."

Sarah said: "Margie Freeman, you are surely the limit. What a grand conception, what a worthy purpose. Certainly we will go. 'Make the boys go,' why they will be eager and enthusiastic over the whole plan."

Marge wrote Mr. Martin, the humble, godly minister at the camp, that she was contemplating a trip to her old home. She was still fond of music, that she was going to bring three of her friends and they would give a free concert in the town hall on Tuesday night. She requested him to announce it, and make them understand there would be no admission fee.

The excitement spread over the entire mining district. Margie Freeman, the daughter of their old comrade, the sweet singing bird of their camp, who had won distinction and honors in the great schools, was coming home to greet her old comrades and would give them a musical entertainment free.

Our quartet went with exuberant spirits and joyous anticipations. They were kindly received. To all the company except Margie it was a strange but exceedingly interesting show. They were hospitably entertained in the elegant home of the president of the mines. He remembered Margie as a child. His wife remembered her and her mother, and had often assisted them in their poverty. She was proud of the miner's daughter.

The hall was thronged, the singing was superb. The miners had never heard anything comparable to it. They would gladly have listened all night. Tom announced that they would sing the next night, but they would charge a small fee. If any one really wanted to come and was not able to pay fifty cents for admission, to see him the next day and he would furnish a free ticket.

President Van Lear told Tom the miners made good money. They were not stingy. "You will have a crowd. I doubt if there will be any one to apply for a free ticket."

Such a treat had never been offered to those people. They were wild with excitement. The two nights following the hall was crowded to overflowing. The receipts were nearly $600.00. At the close of the concert Tom announced the amount of the proceeds, and stated it all belonged to Miss Freeman. He had previously requested Mr. Martin to be on the platform. Margie arose and with the dignity of a queen said: "Dear Brother Martin, through all these years I have never forgotten your kindness, and that of your dear wife, to me when I was left a helpless, destitute orphan. Allow me, with the love of a grateful heart, to present this purse to you as a token of my appreciation of your kindness. God bless you and bless the gift."

Such an enthusiastic cheer as rose from those happy miners had never been heard in that hall.

Before the benediction Tom held up his hand for silence. Margie stepped to the front, and with the pathos of her soul stirred to its depths, she sang one stanza of that old forgotten song:

"Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound,
And always brings a sigh,
But give to me that good old word
That comes from the heart, good-bye."

Then she said, "Dear friends of my childhood, God bless you and *Good-bye.*"

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Before leaving the miners' village, Margie arranged for a plain marble monument to mark the graves of her parents, also for a substantial iron fence to enclose the sacred spot.

The matrons and misses, very many of whom remembered Margie, with her sunny, happy disposition, gathered about her, asking questions and extending congratulations. Her visit was a real triumphant entry into the home of her childhood. No ancient city ever received a returning conqueror with greater joy than these simple-hearted miners received the sweet girl back to her childhood home. They esteemed her as their own. They felt as if she were the legitimate production of their town, and all of her genius and accomplishments reflected glory on themselves.

Many of the old-timers who knew her parents, and remembered Margie in her childhood, took a holiday, and came to the depot to see her off.

A few minutes before the train came they stood together on the platform and sang "America," then the "Star Spangled Banner," then lastly "My Old Kentucky Home." Then to the utter surprise of her companions and the crowd she placed her hand through John's arm, and said, "My Dear Friends, this is Mr. John Graham, who in the near future is to become my husband." John blushed to the roots of his hair at this unexpected turn of affairs, but politely lifted his hat and made his best bow, at the same time saying, "When that times comes no man on this continent will be prouder or happier than John Graham, for *Margie is pure gold.*" Margie then stepped beside Tom, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said: "This is Mr. Tom Dixon, my foster brother, fiance of Miss Sarah Graham, at the same time laying her other hand upon Sarah, "who for years has been my truest and best friend and who will soon be my double sister."

Amid the uproarous shouts of the crowd the train pulled in, and loaded with beautiful bouquets our quartet entered the coach,

waving their flowers to their enthusiastic admirers left behind.

Tom said: "Well, Margie, that final stunt of yours capped the climax. I did not know that was on the program." "And it was not," said Margie, "but it was better than standing there to be gazed at in embarrassing silence by the curious throng." Sarah said, "I think it was the best thing of the entire program. It certainly was a befitting closing of the interesting show."

The trip had consumed four days and three nights. A happier group was not to be found. They all returned to the daily routine of business: Tom to the University, John to his merchandise, Margie and Sarah to their classes.

How quickly the days sped by, and ere you could scarcely think, another Commencement was here.

It was Rosedale's gala day. The whole section of country was proud of their college and came from far and near to enjoy the closing exercises each anniversary.

Margie and Sarah sat upon the rostrum with the rest of the faculty. John and Tom

sat in the audience and looked upon their loved ones with as much pride and joy as two hearts could hold.

The diplomas were delivered as usual, and Dr. Dixon announced that "The exercises would be concluded at the church at four o'clock in the afternoon."

This unexpected announcement was a complete surprise to the audience. There was great speculation as to what the good Doctor referred, but all determined to be at the concluding. Nearly every one in amazed curiosity asked his neighbor what else was to be done.

Some one said, "It is like this, when our postoffice burned, and everybody was asking how it occurred, the postmaster running around in almost delirious excitement said, 'Nobody knows but the Lord, and he won't tell,' so nobody knows but the doctor and he won't tell."

A few others did know. Our quartet knew. The good old pastor of the church knew, for he had received in one envelope two official documents, and in the envelope were two bright new coins each representing

twenty dollars. As the parson opened the envelope, he said, *"It's pure gold."*

The spacious auditorium and galleries of the old church were crowded long before the hour announced for the concluding exercises.

As the town clock struck four and the automobile stopped in front of the church and a commotion was noticed at the entrance, two lady ushers were seen coming down the aisle to the right of the pulpit, followed by two well-dressed, happy-looking young gentlemen, whom all immediately recognized as John Graham and Tom Dixon; at the same time two gentlemen ushers were coming down the left-hand aisle, followed by two charming young ladies, dressed in immaculate white, and each of the quartet was wearing a tiny rosette of pure white silk from which was suspended a double streamer of golden ribbon. Just over the altar was hung a large marriage bell wrought of gold-colored paper, to which was attached the banner given to the class by the juniors two years previous. This banner was pure white silk upon which in letters of gold was the class motto, *"Pure Gold."*

As they came with solemn, measured tread, our friend Lillian played the wedding march. They met under the golden bell in front of the venerable minister, who said solemnly, "Let us pray." After a brief, earnest invocation, he said: "Marriage is a relic of Eden's bliss, an emblem of pristine purity and paradisiacal joy. And since marriage was ordained of God, then in his name and fear, by virtue of the power vested in me as a minister of the gospel, and by the recognized authority of the State, we shall proceed, if no legal barriers be presented, to solemnize the sacred rites of matrimony between John Graham and Margie Freeman, and between Thomas Dixon and Sarah Graham.

"Now in token of your sincerity, as an emblem of your love, and a pledge of your fidelity, you will please join right hands. Now, do you, John Graham and Margie Freeman, agree and covenant together, each to take the other as your lawful and wedded companion, to live together in the holy bonds of matrimony according to the laws of the land and the laws of God, to love, honor and

cherish each other as husband and wife until these sacred ties shall be severed by the hands of death? Do you so promise? Your hearts are now bound together by the golden cords of matrimony, you are one by the decree of heaven, one by the laws of the land, made one by your own free will and choice, ratified now by this solemn vow, to be recognized henceforth by all concerned, then in God's name we pronounce you husband and wife."

A like vow was given by Tom and Sarah, then the earnest, brief prayer of the officiating clergyman. Then the great congregation rose and stood in silent reverence as they passed out of the church and were whirled in the automobile to the depot, whence they were to go to Niagara, Saratoga, St. Augustine, New Orleans and then home. They went with the benediction of all who knew them.

As they seated themselves in the luxurious Pullman, John looked up, his face beaming with happiness, and said, "*Margie is pure gold.*"

THE END.

DATE DUE

Aug 8
Sept 5
Nov 14

Bow, J.C.
AUTHOR
Pure Gold
TITLE

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME
	Mrs. Ire
Aug 8/60	Nelson
9-13	
Sept. 5	